



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 27 – Number 4

August 2009

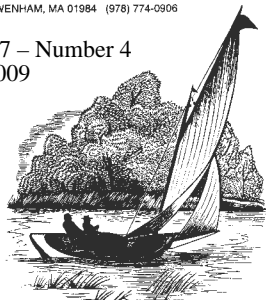
Special Features This Issue
“John Gardner Small Craft Workshop”
“Okoumefest ‘09” – “Crossing Lake Gatun by Night”
“A Boat Comes Home to Skaneateles” – “Salty Dog”
“A Fresh Slant on How Easy it is to Drown”



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



My visit to the John Gardner Traditional Small Craft Workshop "Revival" at Mystic Seaport in early June was a sobering experience. My report on the event in this issue reveals that it was a very nice weekend for those who participated, but it was a scaled-down version of its former self. As I commented in my report in this issue, this did not affect the enjoyment of those on hand but it did reflect, in my view, a lack of support from the traditional small craft community.

The Seaport heeded past criticism about the steep price of participation (\$45) by cutting it to \$20 and, as I remarked in my May issue "Commentary," even in our current economic collapse this was an affordable fee for the weekend. It was, in fact, \$4 less than the Seaport's normal general admission, now a stratospheric \$24! The resulting bare bones participation of the Seaport in the Workshop was pretty much limited to help from Seaport volunteers and use of the docks and rental boats.

The Seaport's apparent financial stress, which all museums seem to be under with much of their income from endowments and well-to-do donors shriveled, must have been a major factor in the down sized "revival." It surprised me that they undertook to host the Workshop at all after last year's rather abrupt cancellation.

And I was really shocked when I tried to contact Peter Vermilya (who was back again this year as Workshop organizer after a hiatus in 2007) a week prior to arrange for my working press credentials, only to be told by an anonymous young woman that "Peter is no longer with the Seaport." After 38 years of work at the Seaport, a long and loyal career culminating in the responsibility as the Small Craft Curator, Peter had been let go. Is this cutting to the bone in downsizing staff, or what?

I also learned that Sharon Brown, long time aide to John Gardner, maritime historian in her own right, and in recent years manager of the Boathouse rental fleet, also has been let go.

And so here was a manifestation of what is happening to most not-for-profit organizations nationwide that depend heavily on endowment and wealthy donor income for survival. The money stream that has kept them afloat at ever more expensive levels has dried up. And that \$24 gate admission certainly will cut down on the tourist attendance income. While the Seaport grounds function as a theme park, it is more importantly a valuable maritime archival resource, "The Museum of America and the Sea." Eliminating expert staff in its historically valuable departments seems counterproductive to me for carrying out the purpose for which it exists.

Finally on this note, the young woman (I could tell by her tone of voice) who answered what had been Peter's phone said she'd send on my credentials, but they never came, so I paid the \$24 to get in to do my report. They needed it more than I did, apparently.

The other sobering aspect was the lack of what I had hoped would be strong small craft enthusiast support for this effort to revive the Workshop. This is not an ordinary traditional small craft gathering, it is a long-running significant display of enthusiasm and support for such craft and is ongoing recognition for the man who inspired the movement and saved it almost 40 years ago from the safety bureaucrats who were planning "safety regulations" that would have eliminated traditional small craft from our waters.

Perhaps the enthusiasm launched by John Gardner for traditional small craft has run its course? The formal organization of such enthusiasts, The Traditional Small Craft Association, has some 20 or so nationwide chapters but still numbers less than 1,000 members, little changed since I started this magazine a quarter century ago.

Well, perhaps the lack of strong support for this year's bare bones revival of the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop was more due to the economic collapse, possibly abetted by the interruption in 2008 after 37 years. But it was sobering to contemplate what could be the onset of fading interest in such fascinating and rewarding small boats.

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On the Cover...

Don Betts brought two coracles he built to the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop in June at Mystic Seaport and, as these unique small craft always do, they garnered much attention from the faithful in attendance. More on the workshop is featured in this issue. (*John Izzo Photo*)

The wind is gusting down Mylor Creek as I set off from my mooring near the head of the creek for an afternoon sail in June, hoping to make the most of the fine weather. I let go the chain and do my usual speedy clamber over the cabin roof to grab the tiller as *Mollie* veers towards a nearby boat, a large wooden one which, I hasten to add, would not come off worst on being attacked by a light 20' dinghy with a roof.

I always love to sail off the mooring and make my way down the creek quietly, there are many things to see. Sometimes shoals of uncatchable mullet jump around the boat, often there are herons and egrets stalking the water's edge beneath the overhanging trees.

One day a couple of years ago I was passed (yes, I was going that fast) by a ray flapping its way down with the tide, the tips of its wings flipping in and out of the water. Another time I trailed a spinner and caught a decent bass, only to lose it trying to tack through moorings and bring it over the side with one hand.

The trip down the creek is part of the joy of being on the water, yet many crank up the motor to get out into Carrick Roads as quickly as possible, missing the nature of the water's edge.

As I scoot along under mainsail, I am watching for the fluky patches which inhabit some areas of the creek, and which will make me go from a charging 4kts to going backwards in a few seconds, when a small brown bird rockets past me. Instantaneously a crow banks and attacks it in the air. It comes in for a second time and knocks the smaller bird to the water. As the crow zooms up, turning sharply to return to its victim, a gull, a loitering thug of the bird world, joins in, looking for a free meal. Meanwhile the small brown bird is flapping in the water and is definitely not swimming!

Now one part of my brain tells me that it is nature and that everything needs to eat, but while that part is operating the other bits are steering for the gull/crow mele. I slacken the sheet and as the gull flaps away to avoid being run down, I attempt to run alongside the stricken victim. Leaning over the side I look to see if I calculated correctly and yes... I scoop up the wet bundle of feathers in my left hand while sharply turning to avoid other more permanent features of creek scenery.

So... it was a good idea at the time. I have an injured bird in one hand and am trying to sail in strengthening gusts through the sprawling boat park that is Mylor Harbour, with its water taxis and dodgy practice from large plastic power cruisers. Luckily today is early in the season and there is a bit of wind, so it is quietish.

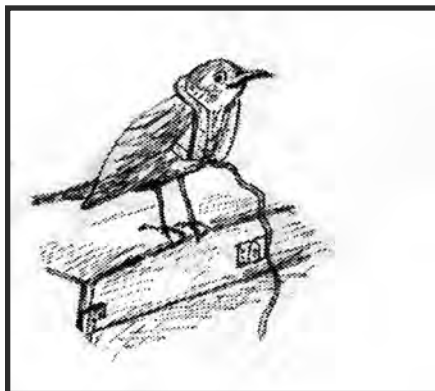
I'm afraid to put the bird down in case it panics and goes over the side, but as I clear the shelter of the headland and see the white horses I know I have to reef very soon. I put the bird in the corner of the cockpit out of the wind and it stays there shivering. I put an old towel next to it to give it some shelter and turn into the wind, dropping the yard a bit and struggling to reach under the boom for a reefing line as the boat tosses about. I manage to reef the sail and bear away for St Mawes castle, the boat tearing along pursued by white horses. The bird, a young blackbird, is now standing and shivering and I wonder if it will die on me before I can decide what to do with it. The sun shines on the patchwork of fields reaching to the water's edge and a couple of tractors are decorating them with dark green stripes of cut grass.

With Great Britain's Dinghy Cruisers

Small Things

By Tim Evans

(Tim considers the happiness brought on by doing a good turn for a creature in trouble while simultaneously enjoying a brisk sail!)



As is often the case it seems to take no time to get down Carrick Roads with the wind behind me and very soon I cut inside the St Mawes buoy watching the visitors to the castle watching the boat with a bird for crew on a collision course with a ferry... which does the noble thing and misses me.

The bird has an eye open and is watching me. I head up Percuil Creek, as I often do, to pick up a mooring at Place and have a cup of tea and a sandwich. There I watch the well-heeled, usually temporary inhabitants of this well-heeled village come and go from the moorings. There are some beautiful boats here, including several vintage racing boats. The bird is unimpressed and yawns. I start my new four-stroke-made-in-China outboard, leaving it on tickover out of gear as insurance as I pick up a mooring.

All goes well today and it is not needed, but I sense the bird doesn't like the noise so I turn it off quickly. I make a cup of tea and discover I have not packed any food except for two shortbread biscuits. I try the bird with some crumbs but it only likes Jammy Dodgers apparently. The sun shines on the boat as we bob about watching the Place Ferry weave through another deepwater boat park. The bird looks pretty dry now and it watches me warily. I decide it is time to put on waterproofs for what will be a wet beat back up river. As the bird looks a bit more lively I begin to wonder if it will fly off and ditch on the way back.

I motorsail off the mooring and head for the castle again. The water is fairly sheltered but as I head for Trefusis on the Falmouth side the water starts to break against the bows and I start to get wet. The bird hops onto the centreplate box out of the spray. I avoid another ferry and start the long beat home under reefed main. The choppy breaking waves are not huge with the wind blowing down river, but they slow a light boat and water continues to shower me as the sun shines on the walkers in tee shirts watching from the coast path. The bird hops into the cabin and watches me from

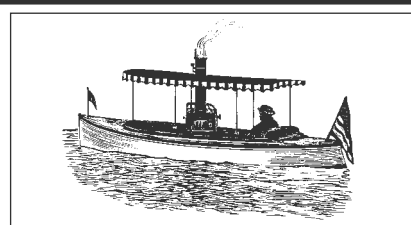
the rudimentary bunk. I sail in the company of a new gleaming gaffer and am pleased to note that he is not making such good progress as me until the reefing hook shakes out of the sail and I have to fiddle about while the boom bangs around trying to do me damage.

The bird doesn't offer any advice but cocks its head and watches. As the boat heels and jolts about I wonder if birds get seasick. This one seems to cope well with the constant changes sitting on a small boat in a strong breeze entails.

After a couple of hours of boating fun I motorsail back into Mylor Creek and pick up a mooring near the old dockyard wall, drop the yard, and tie down the sail. I reach into the cabin and gently pick up the bird, placing it on the cabin roof. It immediately takes to the air and flies into the nearest oak tree, just about from where it must have launched itself hours earlier. I feel a sense of deep happiness at allowing one small life to continue. I'm not sure why but I motor back up to Mylor Bridge feeling that I have somehow changed the course of history, butterfly's wings and all that...

For more information about the DCA

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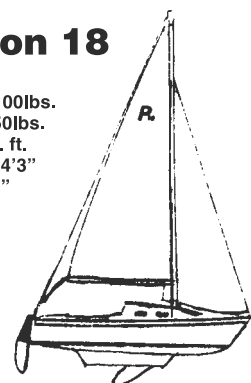
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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

River Day on the Hudson

River Day on the Hudson is scheduled for August 9 at Van Cortlandt Manor, 525 South Riverside Ave, Croton-on-Hudson, New York, 12-6pm. Take a boat ride and celebrate our relationship to the river in the late 18th and early 19th centuries. Hands-on activities include modern boat building.

For further details go to www.hudsonvalley.com or call (914) 631-8200.

Historic Hudson Valley, Tarrytown, NY



Championship in November

Saquish Rowing of Plymouth, Massachusetts, is very excited about hosting the 1st Annual East Coast Open Water Rowing Championship this coming November. The idea was born from a realization that there is no event in which all the clubs and independents up and down the coast got together for a season-ending race and party.

Though initially the idea was to bring together the fixed seat racers on a course less than four miles with three hard turns, sliding seat crews are, of course, welcome. We are, however, limiting the event to rowing only, sorry, no paddlers.

We expect to host a top notch event which will have classes for every type of rowing boat as well as separate classes for men and women (but no junior class). Plan to stay for the medals ceremony and party afterwards at the East Bay Grill under the tent next to the town ramp.

We are expecting crews from as far away as Canada and possibly the UK. There will be some billeting opportunities available on a first come, first served basis. We have also negotiated a special group rate for rowers at the Radisson Hotel on the harbor opposite the town ramp, www.radisson.com/plymouthma.

Participants will be racing against boats in their class in a finals only format with the fastest boats going off first in heats. The course will be approximately 3½ miles with three hard turns. The start and finish line will be at Nelsons Beach just a few hundred yards from the town ramp (small boats may launch directly from the beach).

This will be a race in which the victors will be crowned as champions so we invite all rowers to rise to the challenge and accept this call to compete.

Contact Peter Smith at (508) 888-6658, pjandb@comcast.net, www.Eastcoastopenwaterrowingchampionship.org

Adventures & Experiences...

Beginning of Serious Messing About

This photo covers the beginning of my serious messing about, May 1947 on Long Island's Great South Bay. Snipe #6747 was built in my late father's cabinet factory in Brooklyn, New York, from plans bought from the designer who was also the editor of *The Rudder* at the time. The nonchalant lady was my non-swimmer aunt. Yes, we did put a life jacket on her for an early sail!

Charlie Schmitt, Glen Cove, NY



Information of Interest...

Gotta Ship Your Boat Somewhere?

uShip has developed a Shipping Price Estimator (SPE), a uniquely powerful tool for estimating boat transport cost based not only on distance and boat dimensions, but also on trucking routes and availability. This is vital information for anyone considering an out-of-area boat purchase or sale. As an example, let's say one of your readers has found the 21' powerboat they've always wanted, but they're in Miami and the boat is in Boston. By simply selecting the shipment category and plugging in the zip codes and boat length, the reader is able to get a shipping estimate of \$899.50 based on actual transactions in the uShip marketplace, distance, routing, and carrier capacity. The SPE dynamically adjusts for shifts in supply and demand in the market. The estimate is powered by the Transportation Price Index (TPI) found at www.transportationpriceindex.com, uShip's industry tool for tracking transportation prices expressed in dollars per ton-mile. As the TPI changes, results from the SPE will change, ensuring the most accurate and up-to-date estimate.

About uShip: Our company operates a website that helps individuals and businesses that have something they need transported (a boat, for instance) to find reliable service providers to handle the load. Unlike a directory or classifieds site, uShip.com uses

a reverse auction style format where transporters bid against each other to win the job, which drives down the final price to the consumer. We also present a feedback score and consumer reviews for each transporter in our network so consumers can evaluate their options based on the expected service level and dependability of each provider, in addition to the price quote.

I think this could be a great help for readers considering selling or purchasing a boat or needing to move one for any other reason such as getting to a boat show, moving to a new home, or just relocating their boat for the season. I would be happy to provide more information on the SPE and uShip, or go to http://www.uship.com/price_estimator.aspx.

Mickey Millsap, Director of Corporate Communications, uShip

International Ocean Cleanup

Today, more than ever, people are concerned about the environment and the increasing threats to our ocean and there is a hunger to do something about it. More and more people are realizing that going green starts by living blue. Ocean Conservancy's International Coastal Cleanup, the world's largest volunteer effort of its kind, provides people a direct and tangible way to make a difference in their own backyard and be part of a global solution.

Trash in the ocean is more than an eyesore, it threatens marine wildlife and our ecosystems. It is one of the most widespread pollution problems threatening our ocean and waterways and it's entirely preventable.

For boaters, trash in the ocean can be detrimental. For example, plastic bags floating in the water are dangerous to the engine if they get into the cooling system and cause overheating. On top of being an expensive repair, the boat will need to be towed. When the anchor becomes caught up in debris it can be a nuisance for boaters, and jumping in for a swim is less attractive when you're witnessing trash floating by. It brings home first-hand the direct impact of our actions.

The 24th annual International Coastal Cleanup provides the opportunity to make a difference. It is held worldwide on Saturday, September 19. In 2008, 400,000 volunteers from 104 countries and 42 states collected seven million pounds of trash. And that's simply on one day. Statistics show most of the trash, including 3.2 million cigarette butts, are from shoreline and recreational activities, which means trash doesn't fall from the sky, it falls from our hands. A sandwich bag dropped on a city street in Nebraska makes it way to a storm drain, into a river, and ultimately the ocean. A sea turtle sees it and thinks it's a jellyfish, his favorite food. He eats it and his stomach expands, causing him to feel full. As a result, he dies of starvation. The International Coastal Cleanup takes place on lakes and inland waterways as well as the ocean's shores.

Aboard boats last year, 1,236 people collected 38,224 pounds of debris that could not be reached from land. In addition, the top three debris items found from a watercraft cleanup included beverage cans, beverage bottles (plastic), and bags (plastic).

The impact of this trash, as well as climate change and overfishing, are pushing our ocean to the brink. The ocean is essential to the health of everything on the planet, including our own. It is responsible for the food we

eat, the air we breathe, fundamentally it is the life support system of our planet. But the ocean is sick.

The International Coastal Cleanup, which was founded in 1986 in Texas, provides the opportunity to do something different. It is so much more than a one-day event, it is a year-round movement. We promote changes in personal behavior when it comes to trash, reduce, reuse, recycle, rethink. Today citizens and corporations are demanding change like never before. We suggest expanding public and private partnerships to monitor and reduce marine debris, funding increased research on the sources and impacts of marine debris, seeking better technological solutions to debris management and reduction, and supporting the inclusion of comprehensive ocean management in all climate change initiatives. All of these efforts help Start a Sea Change. Learn more and sign up for the next cleanup, www.oceanconservancy.org/cleanup.

Ships Classifications

When I get my copy of *MAIB*, the first thing I go to is Hugh Ware's "Beyond the Horizon." His monthly column has become one of my favorites. A few issues ago he buried in his text the classification of different cargo ships. I found it very interesting to see the differences between a Panamax and a TLCC.

A Panamax is the largest ship that can go through the Panama Canal. This ship can carry up to 70,000 tons. Sound big? Really, it is small by today's standards. An Aframax will carry between 70,000 and 120,000 tons. A Suezmax is the largest ship that can pass through the Suez Canal. It can carry from 120,000 to

200,000 tons. A VLCC (Very Large Crude Carrier) will carry 200,000 to 350,000 tons. A ULCC (Ultra Large Crude Carrier) will carry 325,000 to 550,000 tons. These sure make the Panamax look like a toy.

I worked on the Mississippi River as a lock and dam operator for a number of years. Our locks on the Upper Mississippi River could handle 15 barges in what we called a double lockage. A tow of this size was not at all unusual. A loaded river barge for dry cargo would hold 1,400 tons. The fleet of barges would handle 21,000 tons. Not as big as a Panamax but still a sizable cargo.

Downriver below St Louis there are no locks and the towing companies raft together fleets four or five times the size of the upper river boats.

Back in the '70s I read faithfully a magazine called *The Waterway Journal*. I remember an article at that time discussing a boat that was coming up river with 50 loads and 30 empties. That is a real large raft. Let's crunch those numbers, $50 \times 1,400 = 70,000$, equal to the largest Panamax. These boats are really just herding their charges up or down the river. Down river can be especially challenging.

Mississippi Bob Brown, Apple Valley, MN

Projects...

Eight-Footer News

Back in the spring my piece on the 8' Development Class appeared in this magazine. The idea struck a resonant chord with

Greg Grundtisch, who has a letter in the May issue giving encouragement and offering to get involved. Well, that's great! As we are often reminded, it only takes one person to change the world.

Exciting a bunch of sailors sufficiently to get them to actually go out to the garage and do something may be a tall order. I know of four MASCF attendees who already have Punkins, so a little hoopla ought to bring them out.

To review: Maximum hull length between perpendiculars to be 8' 6". There will be some modest safety equipment based on participant input. Other considerations may arise as time goes on, but the main thrust is to avoid all the rules and sea lawyers so beloved of "real" racers.

As the summer wears on and I get out from under my current burdens, I will lay out a 10' sheet of wallboard, destined for the office at the new shop, and start drawing up the next world beater. Now I'm no naval architect, but I harbor the conceit that I can draw an eight-footer as well as the next guy. And rest assured that you can, too, or come so close as makes no difference.

I will continue to send along enough info and detail to encourage you through the winter so that by spring you will be ready to launch and "race" at MASCF 2010. Now is the time to start cleaning out the garage and hinting to the kids that there is life beyond TV.

We'll count on Greg to carry the banner this year and get everybody tuned up for the nationals next year.

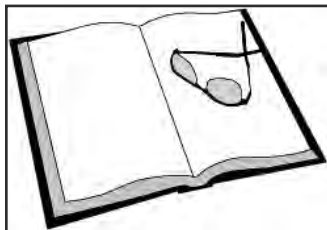
Jim Thayer, Grand Junction, CO

For anyone with an interest in the history of WWII this is a fascinating book, a collection of 59 interviews with graduates of the US Merchant Marine Academy in Kings Point, New York, who served during World War II. Some are simple and direct remembrances. Some are grim. They were almost all 19 years old when they went to sea with a minimum of sea training and none in weaponry. Selected cadets received only three months of basic training as either deck or engine room trainees. They were packed off to a merchant ship where they served in either department for often as long as nine months. During this time they were expected to study and complete class projects on their own and mail them in. Mailorder seamanship. They did surprisingly well in spite of officers who were sometimes ignorant drunks and had them clean the heads.

Most early ships were armed with two WWI machine guns. Naval gun crews were later additions. There were conflicts, the captain was a civilian and ran the vessel but the gun crews were directed by a Naval officer.

The book is a good read. For best reading it helps to have handy one of those National Geographic world maps to follow these gutsy young men. Many had traveled around the world carrying supplies. After several months, when possible, some would call Kings Point and say, "I'm coming in to finish up." We can call them self-made mariners. By D-Day a good number had become captains or transferred to the Navy.

The author guides us from training to known and unknown theatres of war. Ships unloaded materiel at Khorramshahr, Iran, a warm weather alternative to the suicidal



Book Review

Merchant Mariners at War

An Oral History of World War II

By George J. Billy and Christine M. Billy
University Press of Florida – 2008
322 Pages – Illustrations and Photos

Reviewed by Stan Markocki

Murmansk run where it was trucked north to the Soviet Union. Murmansk has a chapter to itself. All areas are covered, these merchant ships took alternate forgotten Arctic routes to avoid submarines when not in convoy. They followed the fleet to re-supply, remaining just over the horizon in all actions.

The interviews tell it all as remembered. This book was an arduous and, I believe, self-appointed task undertaken by Mr George J. Billy, Senior Librarian at Kings Point for

many years. He collected all the available material that could easily have been lost and gathered it all together for future generations. He was ably assisted by his daughter, Christine M. Billy, former assistant information officer at Kings Point. All appendix items are what one could expect from a master librarian.

Some of the merchant ships listed were built around WWI! The irony of this endeavor, is that, when home at last, the merchant mariners were paid off, receiving extra bonuses based on time and areas. The Naval gun crews received their Navy pay, nothing extra. It was reported that some of the merchant mariners would pass the hat around at the end of the trip and pass the collection on to the gun crew.

A companion volume to this heartbeat of the Merchant Marine is the recent publication, *In Peace and War, A History of the US Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point*, by Jeffrey L. Cruikshank and Chloe G. Kline. John Wiley & Sons, Inc, publishers. This is a massive volume of 500 pages.

What we need is a third volume about the ships they sailed. I cannot identify a Liberty or Victory ship, some have cryptic names, C1 or C2. A book is needed on their construction, concrete, welded, or riveted, quality, design, and lines. Some were built in 60 days.

Another book that may never be written would be about the crews and the boy sailors. Fifteen and 16-year-olds with fudged certificates served as messmen, wipers, and ordinary seamen. The able seamen with Lifeboatman Certificates sometimes included a couple who had started out in sail in schooners and coasters. An autobiography may be in the attic.

"It's better than the orange groves in Cucamonga, California. We're gonna stay along the Apalachicola Bay" (Bing Crosby, "The Road to Rio").

To the beat of beach music and golden oldies, visitors spent a laid back afternoon feasting on Florida's seafood bounty and their eyes on the work of master craftsmen at the Apalachicola Classic Car and Boat Show held on April 18.

If you've never been to Apalachicola, you have missed a treat. This gem of a town, set in the pristine green of Franklin County, somehow survived the modernization that destroyed most of Ole Florida. The sleepy downtown, complete with turn of the century architecture, palm trees, and a still working waterfront, is the ideal setting for a display of antique cars and boats.

The 11th Annual Apalachicola Antique Car and Boat Show featured 57 antique cars and boats along with food vendors, arts, and crafts.

Notable among the craft on display this year were a pair of early 20th century wooden canoes from the collection of Michael Grace of Melbourne, Florida, and a beautifully restored 19' Rescue Minor skiff designed by William Akin for shallow water use during WWII.

The Apalachicola Boat Show

Pristine Treasures in a Historic Setting

Report and Photos by Lois Swoboda



Roger Allen was the keynote speaker at the post show mixer held at the Cotton Exchange.

Keynote speaker was master boat builder Roger Allen, Director of the Cortez Maritime Museum in South Florida. Allen gave a fascinating account of his career. High points included organizing the East Coast contingent of the first American delegation to the world's biggest wooden boat show, The Brest International Festival of the Sea held in Brest, France.

"I personally believe that a maritime museum can pass a great many good things on to our children," Allen told a rapt audience. "The purpose of a maritime museum is preservation of traditional skills and values. America has become a country where, when something breaks, you don't fix it, you go to WalMart and buy it. That's not America. That's China."

"I think building wooden boats will slow that down," he said. "Museums are not for moneymaking. They are for telling the story of the people. They should provide meaningful work for volunteers. Unless you have local people in there working, you're not a museum and on the water is as important as having tools in your hand."

He finished his talk with a demonstration of how to build a wooden boat, illustrated with slides, models and hand tools.



Michael Grace's sailing canoe.

Dee Schneider of Carrabelle aboard his Garwood the *Frankly Scarlett*, named Best Power Cruiser.



The Sea Pearl owned by Apalachicola resident Stan Jankowski took Best of Show Fiberglass.



Steve Britt of Live Oak, Florida, won Best of show Runabout for his Radcraft.

Dan Houston's Rescue Minor launch *Magic*.



The Miss Helen Returns



John Taylor's boat, the *Miss Helen*, is a real beauty and how she came into Taylor's possession is a story worth telling. The 1960 Correct Craft Starflite won Best in Show in the 2009 Apalachicola Antique Car and Boat Show, but she wasn't always such a pampered lady.

The boat was purchased new in 1960 by Taylor's father. Taylor remembers spending many happy hours waterskiing behind her and cruising Lake Seminole, St Joe Bay, and the Apalachicola River. Shortly after he went away to college the boat was stored away in a tobacco barn and later sold to a man in Tallahassee.

In 1990 the new owner contacted Taylor to see if he wanted to buy her back, but Taylor said he had neither the time nor the inclination so he lost track of *Miss Helen*. In 1999 Taylor made a visit to the Thousand Islands area of New York and, while there, he visited the Antique Boat Museum in Clayton. "Seeing the many beautifully restored wooden boats, I knew immediately that I had to get Dad's boat back," he said. He contacted the *Miss Helen's* owner only to find the man had passed away and the boat was once again in storage.

Taylor bought it but did not begin the restoration process for eight years. In 2008 he heard of Rand Speas, a master boat builder in Welaka. Speas worked on the boat for two weeks short of a year and restored her to the dazzling beauty she is today. She was christened the *Miss Helen* in honor of Taylor's mother. The boat was unnamed in her earlier life. Taylor said the boat is original right down to the 240 HD Dearborn Interceptor V8 engine.

He was especially pleased to receive a copy of *How to Build a Tin Canoe* by Robb White as a prize. Taylor knew White and, when he was growing up, his family owned a beach house next door to a log cabin owned by the White family on Carrabelle Beach. "I grew up visiting that cabin," said Taylor. "I guess I was just meant to own this boat," he said. "I turned her away once but I still managed to find her again."



Winners of the 2009 Apalachicola Boat Show

Best in Show Overall: 1960 Correct Craft Starflite *Miss Helen*, owned by John Taylor of Thomasville, Georgia

Most Historic Craft: 1878 Double Sailing Canoe, owned by Michael Grace of Melbourne, Florida

Best of Show Restored: Carter Craft, restored by Corky Richards and owned by Rodney Richards of Apalachicola, Florida

Best of Show Launch: 19'6" Rescue Minor launch, owned by Dan Houston of Santa Rosa Beach, Florida

Best of Show Runabout: 16" Radcraft, owned by Steve Britt of Live Oak, Florida

Best of Show Sailboat: 16' Marblehead Gunning Dory, owned by Don Wagner

Best of Show Skiff: 10' 1993 Greg Lashum skiff, owned by Stephen Haines

Best of Show Flats Boat: *Willy Roberts*, owned by Gil Autrey of Apalachicola

Best of Show Paddle Craft: 1998 18' Pygmy kayak, owned by Dan Garlick of Apalachicola

Best of Show Dory: 17' Sport Dory, owned by Roger Pisholster

Best of Show in Water Power Cruiser: Garwood, owned by Dee Schneider of Carrabelle

Best of Show Fiberglass: 21' Sea Pearl, owned by Stan Jankowski of Apalachicola

Best of Show Antique Motors: Raymond Maloney of Cairo, Georgia

Second Place Locally Built Sailboat: 16' *Wisp*, owned by Kristin Anderson of Apalachicola

Second Place Sailboat: 16' *Elbow Room*, owned by Bill and Helen Lankford

Second Place Paddle Craft: 16' 1920 Rice Lake canoe, owned by Michael Grace

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Kayaks, dories, dinghies, and prams of all descriptions awaited tryouts on the Matapeake Park beach.

On a sunny May day on the Chesapeake Bay, Chesapeake Light Craft (a regular advertiser in this magazine) hosted its annual OkoumeFest. Okoume is a plantation grown mahogany used in the marine plywood for CLC's you-build-it boat kits. The name OkoumeFest may be a little "unwieldy and even baffling," says John Harris, CLC's chief boat designer and president, although "'it's an improvement on the first few years, it was called OkoumeStock. Like WoodStock. Get it? You don't? Nobody else did, either."

On Friday afternoon, May 9, CLC hosted a series of seminars on epoxy application and varnishing, then Saturday morning several CLC stalwarts carried down to the beach their entire demo fleet of three dozen vessels ("yes, we're still sore," they say) inviting people to try any boat they liked. This year the craft gleamed on the pebble-strewn sands at Matapeake State Park, a little-known jew-

John Harris, CLC's president and chief boat designer, was pleased by an OkoumeFest turnout "double last year's."



Okoumefest '09 The Making of a Boat Builder

By Jock Yellott

el on Kent Island with a view of the soaring Chesapeake Bay Bridge. "It's a risk," CLC says, because "if the wind is strong out of the west, it's a washout. We were blessed with gentle winds from the southwest."

The park boasts a cafe in an old man-or house where one can buy sodas and lunch and something every beach ought to have, shade trees. The bay is not deep there, averaging about 3' at low tide, making it a perfect venue for shallow draft craft. Life jackets/PFDs were nonetheless required. Maryland law requires them and right next door to the park is a formidable fleet of Coast Guard and police boats.

One CLC kit builder, George K, had trundled all the way up from Florida on an aluminum trailer a stunning Northeaster Dory. The burled wood handcrafted on its rudder and seats brought to mind the woodworking perfection of a Stradivarius violin. He had never tried his boat's sail rig so that morning, with a breeze barely ruffling the waters, the dory had its maiden sail. In such light airs she moved slowly enough that kayak paddlers readily caught up but nothing on the water could surpass her in grace and style.

Another participant, who will remain nameless, said he came to OkoumeFest to enjoy trying out the boats to be sure, "but mostly to get out of my house." The recession had imposed upon him his daughter and two grandchildren, with one child age eight and another barely three. They've been living with him now for a year and half with no end in sight. "The noise is unbelievable," he said as he prepared to paddle out on the calm glistening waters. Way out. As far from people as possible.

The most heartening story I heard that day came from Carole Matheny of Middletown, Delaware. The kayak builder in her family is her 17-year-old son Michael. Carole and I chatted on the beach while out on the water Michael practiced Eskimo rolls. She told me that when Michael was in kindergarten at Leicester Primary School in Massa-

chusetts, he was diagnosed with a severe auditory processing disorder. The school said, "We're terribly sorry but your son will never learn to read. There's nothing we can do for him. We really are very sorry."

Michael's mother is an engineer with five US patents to her credit. She does not readily assume that a problem has no solution. So she researched her son's disorder, found an experimental new treatment, and tried it. By the end of the summer, Michael was reading at a fourth grade level.

In the fall, back to Leicester Primary School he went. The school then said, "We're terribly sorry but your son is far too advanced for his class. There's nothing we can do for him. We really are very sorry."

Concluding that this school was sorry indeed, Michael's mother decided she was going to try home schooling. No small commitment. Now the young man, at an

At registration David pleasantly asked us to sign a lawyerly form promising not to sue in case of any disaster ranging from drowning to catching cold. Needless to say, no disasters occurred.





"Ridiculously fun, like walking on water," CLC says of its Kaholo Stand-up Paddleboard.



The beautiful Northeast Dory *George K* (not shown) brought from Florida awaits a sail.

age when most aspire to nothing more than a summer job mowing lawns, is preparing for a career in bio-pharmaceutical engineering. He has won medals at the National Science Olympiad competition; three medals from the national competition and 14 state medals, including three for first place. I am told Michael is also in the Tri-State Home-school Rhetoric Club and at the ACSI (Association of Christian Schools) speech competi-

tion received a "superb" rating in Impromptu Speech. He competes in inline speed skating with the CW Speed Team out of the Christiana Skating Rink, Newark, Delaware. In his spare time, in the Matheny's garage he has reached the final sanding stages on a 17' CLC Night Heron wooden kayak. One foot for each well-spent year, I suppose.

Mother's Day, I should note, was the day after OkoumeFest. I take off my saltwa-

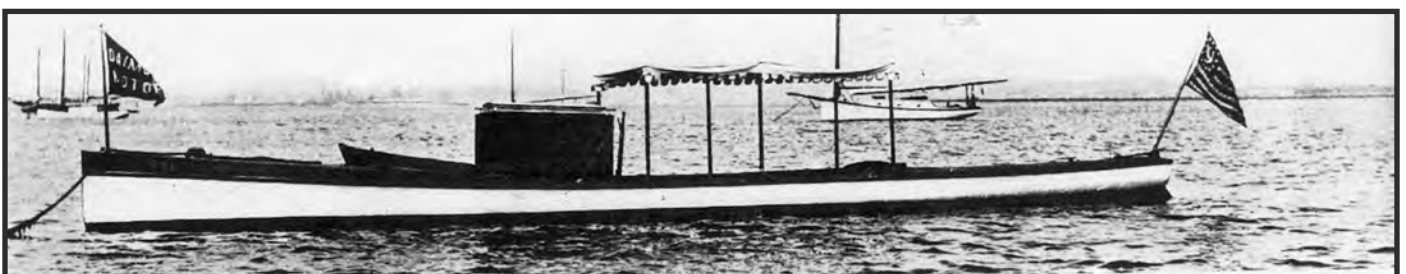
ter soaked hat to this mother in particular.

For more information on this year's OkoumeFest, including photos of prize winning vessels chosen by famed strip-plank kayak builder Nick Shade, CLC's John Harris, Robin Mullaney, and David Fawley, go to <http://www.cicboats.com/news/2009.html>. Another attendee posted notes and photos at <http://www.flickr.com/photos/jshaley/sets/72157617910747853/>

Michael Matheny, with his mother Carole at his left, focuses intently on a discussion of strip planking.



CLC's Aaron sends Michael Matheny to sea in a Night Heron kayak.





The floating docks were full but no longer overcrowded, with a nice variety of small craft to be enjoyed.

On Saturday morning, June 6, a spokesman for Mystic Seaport stood before those assembled for the revival of the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop (I counted about 65) in the boat shed adjacent to the Seaport Boathouse and announced, "Welcome to this year's workshop, it's going to be different." Well yes, it was indeed "different." In effect, the revival of this time-honored gathering of traditional small boat enthusiasts was a pale shadow of its former self.

Beset by the financial shortfalls common to just about all donor-supported not-for-profit organizations, the Seaport could not afford to supply any paid staff to work on the event (before or during) so volunteers made up for some of that help. The program of activities was entirely up to the participants. In effect, those who wished to have the Gardner Workshop revived were invited to put on their own event on the Seaport grounds and the cost for so doing was re-

John Gardner Workshop Revived at Mystic Seaport

By Bob Hicks
Photos by John Izzo & Bob Hicks

duced from \$45 to \$20 to make it more affordable for many.

Well, those who did take part had a pretty nice weekend. Those who knew beforehand that the event might not happen had been planning for an alternative gathering not far off until the Seaport announced that they would go forward with the event. So a few talks and demonstrations were presented by these volunteer participants. No other organized activity was on offer but the real heart of the event, the sharing of the small

craft brought by participants, was unaffected by all the economizing. About 30 persons had pre-registered and most of these brought boats. The sun was out, the wind came up midday off Long Island Sound, and the beach and docks were uncrowded.

What was lacking was more support from the traditional small craft community. While this did not diminish the enjoyment of the weekend by those who did come, it did diminish the significance of this event as the ongoing legacy of its namesake. John Gardner had so great an influence on so many who were attracted to the merits of traditional small craft following his campaign to save their existence from the heavy hand of the boating safety bureaucracy that this longest running event named in his honor deserves better.

But on an upbeat note, we heard later from one long time attendee and booster, John Stratton of the Connecticut River Oar and Paddle Club, as follows:

The beach was likewise fully utilized but no longer crowded.



"Great to see you at the great John Gardner SCW Revival last weekend at Mystic. I was much rejuvenated in my small craft psyche!"

It would be nice if this "rejuvenation of small craft psyche" reached out to more who value such boating for 2010.



Ben Fuller gave a presentation using GPS. He is now with the Penobscot Maritime Museum in Searsport, Maine, but once was small craft curator at Mystic.



Goodbye to the Seaport. Peter Vermilya (left), after 38 years with the Seaport, most recently as Small Craft Curator and organizer of the annual Gardner Workshop, was let go suddenly just before this year's gathering. Sharon Brown (right), long time aide to John Gardner, historian in her own right, and in recent years manager of the Boathouse rental fleet, also has been let go. Somehow they can still smile!



A rare photo of the Editor at work. Note digital camera used as a working prop.



David Niles presented a program on building hollow shaft lightweight double paddles.

The return of *Thumper*, the Nahant Power Dory that first appeared at the 1985 Workshop (pictured on page 3 of our April issue). Built by Ron Ginger, *Thumper* now belongs to Springfield Fan Centerboard entrepreneur Bob LaVertue, son Scott is at the helm. That's George Spragg's "10 Year Catboat" in background.



Taking lines off the hi-tech way (with laser) was another program.



Malcolm Forbes' (not THAT Malcolm!) Sucher Dory was built from 1957 plans.

Contrast in small craft design, on the left is Myron Youngs' pulling boat fitted out with Myron's own designed/built forward facing oars. Complicating getting away is Don Betts, maneuvering his coracle close in.





Coracles built by Don Betts, plywood rather than twigs and canvas. Don demonstrates the paddling technique. OK, now which way to the ocean?

Don also brought his just completed Jolly Boat (also plywood), derived from historical drawings. Don says it was the smallest of the boats carried on the old square-rigged British naval vessels.



George Spragg's "10 Year Catboat," finally finished and underway.



In the Rossie Mill lurks an eclectic hidden collection, *Medora* greeted us at the door.

Boats to the right, engines to the left, and it goes a long, long way back packed with traditional boats and gear.



The Spirit of Traditional Small Craft

Kevin Rathbone's Culler skiff and her owner/builder have attended the annual Gardner Workshop for countless years. The man and his boat have long since become as one, a living example of the small boat mystique that appeals to so many of us.



Staggering under the weight of our duffle bags, we climbed the gangway of a troop ship at the Brooklyn Army Base. Eight-balls, foul-ups, we were being shipped to West Germany where, for the remainder of our two years, we would learn to soldier. But just as the ship's propellers began to throb, a sergeant appeared in our midst and announced, "I need 100 bodies for Panama, you, you, and you."

After a stop at Fort Dix, New Jersey, for yellow fever shots, we boarded a chartered civilian airliner for the Canal Zone. Assigned to the 20th Infantry Regiment in Fort Kobbe, we spent the first day sewing new shoulder patches on our sleeves. These insignia depicted a white caravel, a clear reference to Columbus's ships.

It rained hard the first time they sent us out to the Miraflores locks where I saw merchant vessels from Japan, Germany, Costa Rica, Spain, and Norway. It was a weekday and the noise was like the inside of a trolley car roundhouse. That was because stubby electric towing vehicles, "mules," continuously hauled vessels through the locks. But when ship traffic shut down on Saturday afternoon the canal became strangely deserted, as clean and quiet as some national monument.

Our loaded rifles slung over our shoulders, Tim Hall and I strolled along the top of the lock gates. On one side of the catwalk the surface of the water was only 10' beneath our feet. On the other side green, viscous water lay 100' below. This canal was a meeting place of the sea where the great oceans narrow down to the width of a city street and where the tracks of a thousand wandering ships meet. We watched young passengers on a West German freighter. One girl, slim, tanned, and athletic, swam in a small wooden pool on deck. She seemed to be waving at me. I wondered how our countries could have fought only ten years earlier.

After a month at Fort Kobbe I made friends with Bernie Albaugh, a private from Hawaii. Like me, he wore wire-rimmed glasses and had attended college for a year.

Glenn leaning against the mast in our boat at the Gamboa Yacht Club.



Crossing Lake Gatun by Night

By Martin Sokolinsky

But unlike me, he was Company Clerk and privy to inside information. For example, Bernie had even learned about a 17' sloop for sale in Gatun, near the Atlantic side of the canal. The owner, a sergeant returning stateside at the end of his tour in Panama, was asking \$100. And the hull was in excellent condition. With an almost new main and a good jib, the centerboard boat came with a pair of oars.

I talked my old buddies Glenn and Larry into buying the boat. If we brought it over to the nearby Gamboa Yacht Club, I told them, we could sail it on the Chagres River every weekend. Each of us chipped in \$33. We had to inspect the boat first so the three of us took the train to Gatun. Inside the train was clean and comfortable. First class seats were made of woven straw, the second class hard wood. Because it was payday, we bought first class tickets, \$1.05 each way across the Isthmus.

We got off in Gatun and walked back along the railway tracks to the Yacht Club. I felt pretty good, knowing our boat was there. Army life had kept me far from sailboats for a year.

A little uneasy as we rigged up the boat, we felt better when we saw how easily she handled. We sailed around a nearby island with a good breeze. On our last leg to windward the centerboard jammed in the trunk. We had to tear a slat off the floorboards to push the board down. It was a good sail but not like the thrilling ones I'd known in the ocean.

The sergeant told us that it was strictly against the law to navigate any portion of the Panama Canal under sail.

"Oh great," Larry said. "If they catch us, we're in the stockade." We'd seen another newcomer sentenced to six months for just smelling of booze. Unfortunately he reported for guard duty at the locks in that condition. A buck private, he had no bargaining chip, no stripe to exchange for company punishment.

"No sweat," the sergeant said. "Just make sure to move the boat under cover of darkness. If they do spot you sailing on Lake Gatun, you'll go on report with your own CO. At worst you'll get garbage detail or grass cutting. You might lose weekend passes for a month, something like that."

Nevertheless, moving this sailboat from the Caribbean to the Pacific meant crossing Lake Gatun, an enormous body of water that formed a major stretch of the Panama Canal. With the prevailing easterly winds the sergeant estimated we could make the 28-mile westward run from Gatun to Gamboa in seven hours. "If you run into a squall at night, take in both sails right away. And remember, it's always twice as hard to drop your sails in the dark."

Bernie, my friend from Honolulu, offered to make the trip with me. Bernie had lots of friends in "B" Company, especially the cooks. These mess sergeants got a kick out of the idea that three buck privates wanted to own a sailboat. Citing obscure regulations, these old-timers insisted on giving us provisions in lieu of our regular Army rations equivalent to the three meals we would miss.

In addition, at 5pm one cook headed for the Caribbean side of Panama offered us a lift.

After sundown we arrived at Gatun Yacht Club where we were met by the sergeant. None of the club members seemed in the least perturbed by the fact that we were lowly privates though, of course, we wore civvies (loose Hawaiian shirts and chino pants). We all had a beer together at the bar before making one last inspection of the sails and rigging. "It's no sweat," the sergeant said. "Just wait till after dark and keep following the channel buoys. You should get some moonlight to guide you later on."

Neither of us had thought of bringing a flashlight, compass, or chart. We stowed our five No 10 cans of beans, juice, and preserved fruit in the bow locker. Then, at 21:45, we pushed off from the Yacht Club dock with a fair breeze. After we'd been out on the lake for half an hour the wind began to freshen. Soon it was blowing really hard. I brought the bow up into the wind so that Bernie could lower the mains'l. He handled himself well under the circumstances. Then we continued on up the steamer channel, bowling along under jib alone. The blow was sudden and unexpected. Small combers built up in the darkness, hissing, rushing, and tumbling astern. I felt sure we had blundered into a disaster. As stories of people drowning on other lakes flashed through my mind, I could tell Bernie was scared, too. That was when our boat stopped so short that we went sprawling onto the floorboards.

"Are we aground?" I asked my crewman.

"I didn't hear us hit anything," Bernie said. "No crunch, no mushy sand." And just as he said this we were again thrown off our seats as something catapulted us backwards several yards. Then, in the darkness, the boat just floated away from its mysterious obstacle and we resumed our downwind course. We puzzled over these events for a while before finding the answer. Gatun was a huge manmade lake (created by damming the Chagres River). Straying outside the line of channel markers, we had evidently sailed into the top of a submerged tree. After bending all the way over, the branches had flung us sternwards.

At 0400 the wind eased and we set the main again. Half asleep in the moonlight,

Larry standing on the Gamboa Yacht Club dock next to the 17' sloop. In the background are the overgrown banks of the Chagres River.



we began to meet light headwinds. Lowering both sails, we put out the oars and rowed. Night turned into morning without a real dawn. We sighted no other vessel on the whole crossing, that is until coming abreast of Gamboa, our destination. There, at 0800, an ancient Canal Company motor launch came chugging out, not to arrest us, but simply to offer us a tow. With our sails up once more, we waved the Panamanians off just as a good puff carried us away.

When we entered the mouth of the Chagres River a stiff headwind came up and we had to tack frequently. After missing stays a couple of times, I managed to gybe the boat around without capsizing us. Then, exhaust-

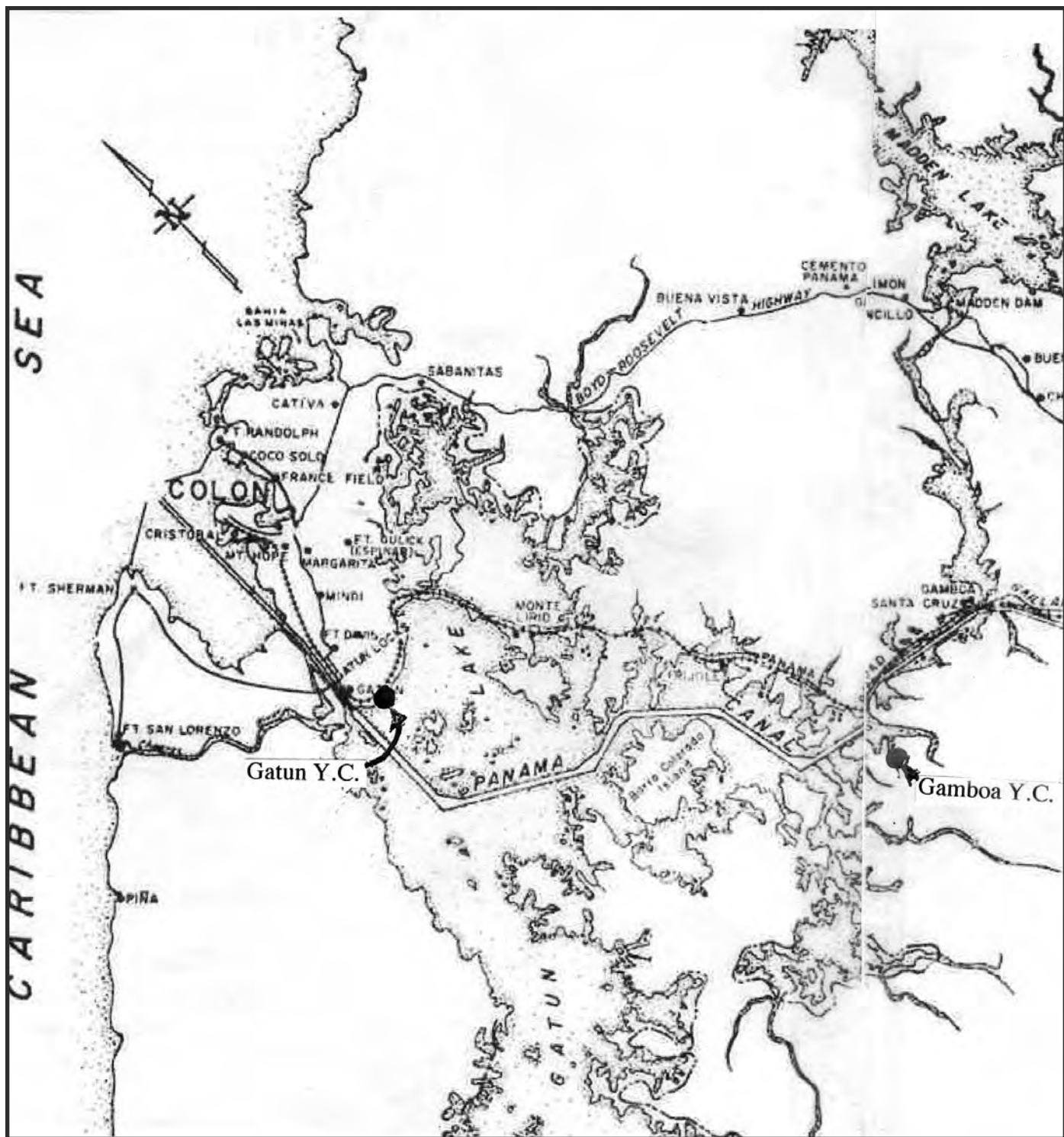
ed, I gave up and let her go skidding into a sheltered cove. There Bernie and I breakfasted on cold beans and preserved figs. Sleeping on the bottom boards for an hour or so, we woke up feeling drugged.

We rowed to windward, up the Chagres, until we reached the Gamboa Yacht Club. A Panamanian on the dock indicated a slip we could use and helped us make fast, bow and stern. This man even found us a discarded boom tent to keep our boat from being swamped by the midday rains.

A local bus took us back to Fort Kobbe. The only GIs aboard, Bernie and I found two vacant seats near the back. Every half-mile or so the natives, requesting their stop, called

out to the driver in Spanish, "Parada!" I was going to have to cry out a foreign word I had never heard or seen in print, much less uttered at the top of my lungs. Were the passengers all going to laugh? I was sure my voice would crack. But it didn't. No one laughed and the bus stopped.

Back at "B" Company barracks we hastily changed into our olive drab fatigue uniforms. By the afternoon we collected our rifles from the arms room and were back at the Canal. Only this time we weren't sailors, we were soldiers on guard duty. Obeying our General Orders, we walked in perfect silence with our weapons shouldered.



June 13, Salt Ponds Marina: We arrived on Saturday, June 7, to meet the hottest four days since 1899. As any rational person would, we immediately turned on, and up, our air conditioner. Not having a power cord several miles long, that meant a postponement to any Chesapeake Bay cruise. We replanned to leave when the weather broke which was to be today until we noticed the day and date. So hopefully tomorrow.

This would not be anything like the cruises we have done in the past but more a “mini” or “shakedown” cruise. We have been confined to home ground for most of two years. I have become a pirate, not by volition but devolution, and there is some doubt as to my performance as a reluctant buccaneer. Or, looked at differently, I could easily turn my role as a “lookout” from a noun to an imperative verb.

To get a picture of Kay’s new sailing partner, imagine Johnny Depp with an eye patch, 6” shorter, 40 pounds heavier, 30 years older, and with no hair. Other than that, the resemblance is uncanny.

As I wrote this the weather looked good for tomorrow’s departure but, alas, the term “25mph gusts” just materialized after the words “5 to 10 knots” on the last marine weather broadcast.

June 14, Bay Creek Marina, Cape Charles, Virginia: Cape Charles on the north and Cape Henry on the south mark the opening to Chesapeake Bay. Cape Charles is at the southern end of the DelMarVa peninsula (aka The Eastern Shore). We are at a marina adjacent to “Old Town Cape Charles,” just north of Kiptopeke Beach (home of the former ferry terminal created by the barrier of sunken WWII concrete ships), and about ten miles from the actual Cape itself.

Our slip is at Bay Creek Marina. The marina itself is difficult to describe; “nice” too weak, “plush” too lush, “magnificent” too exaggerated, “baroque” too something or other. I guess the best I can say is that Hummers would fit on its docks, there are plenty of stores in which to spend money, and two restaurants for those with good credit cards. Oh yes, very nice slips.

The trip over, from marina to marina, took four hours in very light winds and waves. About halfway over Kay asked me to “take over” so she could go below and get things ready. As she turned the wheel over to me she said, “There is a big ship out there but all looks OK.” Now that is the problem, I could not see any ship, big or otherwise, “out there.” Other than the spinnaker on our sailing partners’ (Tom and Judy Pantelides) Sabre 34, *Mazi*, all I could see was a horizon of white haze. Being a clever fellow, if too vain for the situation, I said, “Yep, a container ship.”

Instead of looking at the boat for confirmation, Kay, with a puzzled expression, looked at me and said, “There is no way that is a container ship.”

OOPS, that didn’t work. Thinking fast, I countered with, “What color would you say it is?”

Again she does not glance in the direction of the ship, but looks at me and says, “White,” and goes below. Well, that didn’t work either!

I spent the next 20 minutes trying to decide which part of the white horizon was moving faster than the rest. Then Kay was again topside and after looking around said her final words on the subject, “I see it passed us by, nice job.” Glad that was over! At least

Waterlogged

Being a Chronicle of Ten Years of Misadventures Cruising Chesapeake Bay and Pamlico Sound

Conclusion

Mini “Breakout” Chesapeake Cruise 2008

By Carl Adler

“lookout” was still a noun. Though soon the coin would flip.

The approach past Cape Charles Harbor to, and then into, Bay River Marina looks formidable to most “first timers” and to me at any time. So we arranged to follow *Mazi* into our goal, he had been here many times before. Normally we would have pursued such a path with a cautious speed of two knots but Tom, who lacks nothing in competence or confidence, entered at full speed with us following behind. Recalling charted depths of 6’ nearby, on we went neither even daring to look at the depth meter. And zap, we were in!

Our problems were over. Not quite. We were assigned Slips 10 and 11 on D-dock and we “hung back” to allow *Mazi* to move into Slip 11. That accomplished, Kay throttled up to move into position for 10. And then, THE VERB, LOOKOUT, from none other than Kay.

We all, well, at least I at the bow, were looking to the left at slip 10 when, unseen by all but Kay, a power boat of the Hinckley Picnic Boat type, pulled out directly in front of us from the slip on C-dock on our right. I grabbed the forestay, looked forward, and I could see the passengers on the other boat staring at me in horror, and so close that if I sneezed they would have involuntarily covered their mouths. Somehow Kay swung between the errant boat and its slip, turned, and neatly entered good old number 10.

June 15, Bay Creek Marina, Cape Charles, Virginia: Today we rented a golf cart and, with Tom at the helm, toured the Town of Cape Charles. This was no ordinary golf cart, for one thing it was gas-powered and for the other it would probably do nine holes in four minutes. I am not sure that it could beat my son’s replica Shelby Cobra in a drag race, but it would be close. Putting it another way, when Tom said, “hold on,” I’d better use two hands.

The town itself was a lot like a town from the last century, a little like Onancock, Virginia, also on the Eastern Shore, when we visited it in what was probably the actual last century. The architecture is described as “coastal” but certainly not to be confused with “beach” construction. By way of contrast, the extensive development associated with the marina is almost Caribbean in its bright pastels, if not in the enormous size of the homes.

June 16, River Walk Landing, York River Yorktown, Virginia: Just when I thought I would not have anything to write about... a white squall! We have had our boat on Chesapeake Bay for five years and came up to the Bay for most of the previous 15 years. During that time we have seen a tornado, numerous thunderstorms, and have

been in a few that are best described in upper case, THUNDERSTORMS, but even though we have always heard of the “famed white squall” we didn’t know what to expect. Now, like Justice Stewart spoke in another context, “I know it when I see it.” Now I know it!

From the beginning it was unusual. It arrived when we were ready for it. Like much in life, this is unusual as bad things always happen at bad times. However, on a sailboat, “expect the worst, but it will still be unexpected.” We had crossed over from Cape Charles to Yorktown in about four-and-a-half hours and were tied up and signed in by 4pm. River Walk Landing is an artificial harbor, rectangular in shape with the River Walk forming one of the long sides and a concrete-like floating barrier forming the other sides. The floating structure itself is massive, at least 25’ wide and 3’ high above water. This is the only floating dock that is high enough for me to get off our boat onto the dock without using a step stool.

Around 7pm we were doing our best to improve the ambience of the boat. I was napping and Kay filling the water tank and putting on the mainsail cover. Then three things happened:

1. Hunter, our Yorkie, the one who favors action over thought, leapt the companionway steps and headed up the starboard side to find Kay.

2. Kay returned on the port side to the cockpit to say:

3. “Maybe we should get some more ropes out, things look...”

4. And we found out about white squalls. No rain, no thunder nor lightning, no warning, no real howl of wind, just wind, a lot of wind, and almost without warning.

One moment it was sunny with a light wind, in the next it was a total whiteout with a wind so dominating that most NFL teams would have been glad to have as an offensive line.

Kay looked at me and then forward, saying one word, “Hunter.” Hunter was trying his best to imitate Toto but, fortunately, his leash had snagged on the midship cleat. Kay, with alacrity, rescued him. Everything was in motion, the massive floating piers jumping around with water breaking over them, people running for cover, everything, that is, but us, who felt like characters in a slow motion movie.

At one point Kay said: “Here comes the Coast Guard.” Indeed they were. “To check on us?” Indeed they were not, they appeared to be trying to save themselves. Try as they could, they could not seem to tie up to the bucking pier. Neither of us know what happened to them. All of a sudden “POOF,” they were not there. All I can say for sure is they are “not in Kansas anymore.”

Around the same time Kay called out to me that the Dockmaster was coming. Indeed he was. About my age, taller and close to hundred pounds lighter, I was surprised that he was not blown away. A man of few words, he jumped on the boat, grabbed a couple of lines, made them fast to dock cleats, said, “That’ll do it” and was gone. Now that’s a Dockmaster,” spake Kay

A half hour or so later it was all over.

June 17, River Walk Landing, York River, Yorktown, Virginia: Now that I had a chance to look around, I realize that the harbor is really an uppercase “E” with the open end closed by the River Walk. We are in the upstream half (lower part) of the “E.” The setting reminds me a little of Front Street

in Beaufort, North Carolina, and the Baltimore Inner Harbor. However, it has several protected sand beaches, an amenity missing from most marinas on Chesapeake Bay. The overnight docking rate here is \$1.75/ft with electricity included. No cable or wireless is available but Ben & Jerry's across the River Walk from the marina has wireless. Garbage pickup is at our boat and the preferred method of getting ice is paying for it and sometime later it is delivered to our boat. The staff is uniformly friendly and helpful. We like it a lot!

Boat Names: I have seen variations on the name *Ecstasy* many times, usually they are easy to understand, such as, *SextaSea*. Easy to guess at, especially after seeing the crew. In Cape Charles harbor there was a large power boat with the name *Eggs2Sea*. Now that one stumped me until Tom pointed out that the boat was an Egg Harbor. OK, pretty clever.

June 18, River Walk Landing, York River, Yorktown, Virginia: Our end of the marina is almost under the massive Coleman Bridge, which probably explains our poor TV reception. Past the bridge and upriver on our side is THAT place with an "agricultural name" made famous in numerous "spy" books and movies such as, "The Recruit." I suppose it could be fictional and that is my official position.

The most surprising thing to us so far is, no boats! Even crossing the Bay on Saturday, other than our sailing partners' boat, *Mazi*, and, of course, the ship not seen by me, there were only one or two others. The same was also true upon crossing back on Monday. There has never been more than six boats staying at the marina at any one time. Seven, if you count the Coast Guard boat which may or may not been here and may or may not have tied up during the white squall.

As I write this there are only two boats. Quite a few boats do come in at lunch time for temporary tie-up. Kay, walking our dogs this morning, met a man walking a Westie. He told her that in 40 years this is the least boat traffic he has ever seen. The marina, which looks like it could hold 100+ boats, says it has been sold out since January for Independence Day. Given the historical significance of Yorktown that is not surprising, but January was a long time before \$4/gallon gas prices. For our part, on this cruise so far we have used five gallons of fuel. We could have easily used as much in one day at home in our cars.

Thursday, June 19, Salt Ponds Marina, Hampton, Virginia: Before starting out this morning, I thought that this would be a day for nothing to go wrong. Perfect conditions. A short trip home. I imagined I would start out by writing, "No hits, no strikes, no errors." Right? Wrong! Actually getting away from the dock at River Walk Landing, where we were tied up side-to, was not as easy as it looked to be. True, the light wind was blowing us away from the dock, but once away the current would carry us right back. But that was a minor "strike," little more than a foul tip at most.

After that, for a couple of hours everything went smoothly until we were passed by a ship, *Virginia Responder*. Of course, this produced the usual shaking and rolling which, in turn, as all too often happens, changes the sound of the motor from "RRRRRRRR" to "RRRrrrr" to "rrrr rr r" to "The Sounds of Silence." The last a very loud sound indeed.

OOPS! Kay says, "What do we do now?"

For those of you who know that I am a physicist, please keep in mind that I am a THEORETICAL physicist. To me a Diesel engine is a black box into which we pour fuel and out of which we get power (hopefully). Even if I do know the formula for the efficiency of an ideal Diesel engine given its compression ratio, I have no idea what the various whatchamacallits do that make up a device that actually works (or, at least used to work).

A couple of years back in the Solomons I had someone put an electrical pump on the fuel line. He told me it was to bleed the line. Bleed the line? I thought that was something done in the 14th century to cure typhus or something. I don't even like the sight of blood. To tell the truth, I had forgotten all about it until about six months ago. I apparently had turned it on accidentally and I never could understand where the strange whirring sound was coming from and would have ignored it if not for a visit from Dennis Honneycutt. Dennis cannot stand unexplained sounds, leaks, floodings, and other minor annoyances and, having tracked it down, called my attention to it. Thanks, Dennis!

I had no idea how to answer Kay's question above. What the hell should we do? We tried praying and starting the engine. Didn't work. Starting the engine and then praying was also a no go. Then I remembered the comforting whirring sound of the "Dennis Switch." So I tried it and the motor actually sputtered and again I tried it, more sputtering, sputter sputter, whir whir, whir, sputter RRRRRRRRRR! I probably did the wrong thing but I am here, aren't I? Well, not actually, we still had two hours to go and then the very narrow shoal entrance to Salt Ponds. We proceeded on with crossed fingers until we turned towards the entrance to Salt Ponds.

And then Kay says, "Oh no!"

Now I hate that, I have plenty of foresight but little farsight. I hated to ask, "Oh no, what?"

"There is a dredge in the middle of the entrance!"

"Damn!" What more to say? Except Kay made it in, by the dredge, down the marina strand, and into the slip. So now we are here!

However, I still have not related one of my favorite (among many) Coast Guard

stories, and best of all it happened today. At about 9am the Coast Guard came on the radio, "Pan Pan Pan Pan Pan... An overturned boat with possible people in the water reported near Ocean View. Report all sightings and render assistance if possible." About a half hour later, Coast Guard, "Capsized vessel near Ocean View discovered to be a submarine. Cancel Pan Pan."

My hero and wife of 45 years!



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It is the Sunday before the 30th Annual Chesapeake Bay Spring Cruise. This year's cruise will be held May 1-3, 2009, on the Little Choptank River on Maryland's Eastern Shore. I am just taking the tarp off my boat and starting to get it ready for my 25th Spring Cruise. Twenty have been with my 1984 Dovekie, *Zephyrus*, and four have been with my 1989 Peep Hen, *Terrapin*. Ken Murphy just called and asked if I would write an article for the *Shallow Water Sailor* recalling previous Spring Cruises.

The first thing I remember about Spring Cruises is how the idea first started. Peter Duff, builder of the Dovekie and Shearwater, was looking for a place to start the sailing season that would attract a reasonable number of participants. The Chesapeake Bay watershed was the logical answer. The first Spring Cruise was held in 1980. Peter took photographs during those early cruises for ad copy in the *Small Boat Journal* and for other promotional materials. My first Spring Cruise was in 1985 with my brand-new Dovekie No. 113.

The next thing I remember about previous Spring Cruises is the distance participants have traveled to sail on the Chesapeake Bay. Boats and crews have come from Maine, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Washington DC, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Colorado. Norm Wolfe came from Kansas one year and Lithuania another year and Ben Bailey came from Georgia, all to crew on my Dovekie during a Spring Cruise.

Without going back through all four log books covering the *Zephyrus* cruises, I think there were 19 boats participating in the 1992 Spring Cruise on the St Mary's River. There would have been 20 but we convinced the owner of a 10' sloop with foam blocks lashed to its deck to accept a crew position on a "larger" boat. That Spring Cruise had 15 Dovekies in attendance, a record. The boats participating in Spring Cruises have changed over the years to where there were only two Dovekies on one cruise a few years ago. I do remember there were three Shearwaters on that cruise though. There have been 12 to 19 boats participating in the Spring Cruises I have attended.

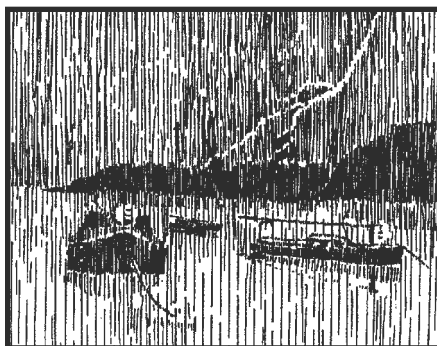
What was my most memorable cruise? Probably the one we made in 1986. I had had *Zephyrus* for a year and was beginning to feel comfortable with the boat. We launched over the beach at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum (CBMM at St Michael's NM (before they installed the wooden bulkhead). There were two Shearwaters and eight Dovekies on that cruise. It was the first of only two times that Mary joined me on Spring Cruises. We circumnavigated Wye Island. Saturday afternoon the skies to the west began to darken and become ominous. We decided to run before a strong wind back to the Maritime Museum. The first Dovekie to arrive back at the CBMM was Dovekie No 1! We recovered the boats and spent the night on the museum grounds. Dinner that night was at the Crab Claw.

Breakfast the next morning was at the Carpenter Street Cafe and Saloon. It was there that I asked Peter for permission to publish a reader-written newsletter for Dovekie owners. I wanted to augment the Edey & Duff newsletter he was already publishing. His letters were more boat and hardware oriented. I was looking for a medium for boat owners to share ideas on where they had sailed, what modifications they had made to their boats, what gear they had added to their cruising inventory, and what meals they were

Memories from 24 Years of Spring Cruises

By John Zohlen

Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*



cooking. Peter said yes and that is how *The Shallow Water Sailor* was born. Jim Cartwright (Dovekie No 104) came up with the name. Once again, thanks, Jim, for all your help in getting the SWS started.

I think the 1991 Spring Cruise was the best for many reasons; isolation from the civilized world, most exhilarating sail, and hardest groundings. Ten boats participated; a Shearwater, a McGregor 26, and eight Dovekies. We launched at Wachapreague, Virginia, and sailed up the Virginia Inter Passage (VIP) to Chincoteague, Maryland. The VIP is a very narrow, often less than 100' wide, winding, shallow (3' in places) channel between the barrier islands of the Atlantic and the Delmarva mainland. Often the channel is separated from the mainland by five miles or more of marshes. It was a downwind sleigh ride the whole cruise. Friday afternoon we beached on the backside of Metomkin Island. The Atlantic surf rushed ashore only 100 yards away on the other side. We spent a wonderful afternoon eating, drinking, and talking. We all pushed off the beach and re-anchored further out to make supper and spend the night, except one Dovekie owner. He decided to stay on the beach. The owner's name shall remain anonymous but he was our Local Knowledge.

Saturday morning broke and there was Local Knowledge's Dovekie at least 200' feet from the water's edge. It was a full moon tide. We waited several hours to see if the Dovekie would float. The water came up the beach to within 50' of the boat and then began to recede. The boat was unloaded and about 12 people lifted it up and carried it back to the water. That could only have been done with a Dovekie!

Later that afternoon I experienced a most exhilarating sail with my crew, Bill Haberer. We were in company with two other Dovekies with Hanson Robbins and his daughter and Don Hurd and Ferd Johns aboard. We were all running downwind with the afternoon SE sea breeze really starting to blow. Each boat had taken in one reef to keep from rounding up. Weather helm with the sprit all the way out was bending the tiller and rudder. Each boat crew began to experiment with sail, trim and board/rudder configuration trying to beat the others. This race went on for over two hours with no boat getting more than 25 yards ahead of the others. What fun!

We hauled out later that afternoon at Chincoteague because of deteriorating weather. The Shearwater did not come in before dark. We did not feel the boat or crew was in danger because there was no real navigational challenge and no open water. We were ready to start the drive home Sunday morning and still there was no Shearwater. Several of us walked to the Coast Guard station to give them a heads up of the late arrival. As we were walking back to our cars we saw the Shearwater come up the passage. They were delayed, they said, because "someone" was not attentive at the helm and during a strong gust the boat headed up in the narrow passage and drove right up on the mud bank on a falling tide. There was nothing to do but break out the wine and cheese and wait for the tide to refloat the boat. By that time it was dark. Hence the late arrival on Sunday morning.

There have been several really bad Spring Cruises, weatherwise. I think the 1987 cruise on Trappe Creek was probably the worst. One Shearwater and 11 Dovekies participated. It rained the whole cruise except for two hours on Friday evening during our dinner raft-up. A strong northeaster was blowing that night and we all anchored in a well-protected, tree-lined cove with about 2' of water and a mud bottom.

Saturday was cold (45°) and the wind howled and shook the trees. A woman and her two large dogs had towed her Dovekie all the way from Maine. I watched as she periodically opened her dodger to let the dogs jump off and go ashore to take care of "business." When the dogs returned they were covered with mud. I can only imagine what the inside of her Dovekie looked and smelled like with those two wet, mud-covered dogs. That year we never got out of La Trappe Creek. Total distance sailed, less than two miles! I felt so bad for all the participants who had traveled so far. The woman from Maine never came back to another Spring Cruise.

Probably the next worst cruise was in 2004 on the Sassafras River. That was my 20th and last Spring Cruise with *Zephyrus*. It blew hard all weekend. I was double reefed the whole time. It was very strenuous sailing for a single hander. It was fully two weeks after the cruise before I was able to straighten and stand upright and fully open my hands. I knew I was getting too old to safely sail my beloved Dovekie. I reluctantly put her up for sale and sold her that summer. It was like losing an old friend. The one bright spot of that cruise was seeing a small, 8' wide opening between two pieces of land and navigating (push poling) through it. The next day Naomi sailed through it but he had a fair tide.

Spring Cruise participants have uttered profound words of wisdom over the years. Some of these words have become immortalized. Sayings like; "If it doesn't rain, it ain't a Spring Cruise," or "If something doesn't break, it ain't a Spring Cruise," or finally, "If you haven't run aground at least once, you are not having fun." We have had rain on more than half of our Spring Cruises. The worst gear failures I have witnessed were the failures of mechanical components (snap shackles) fastening Dovekie shrouds. Two masts went overboard because of these failures. Fortunately no one was hurt.

I could go on and on with more memories of Spring Cruises past. That will have to wait for another time. Right now I have to finish preparing *Terrapin* for my 25th Annual Chesapeake Bay Spring Cruise.

The thing about sailing is the logistics. You need to have time off from work and responsibilities, the weather needs to be just right, and the wretched (yet somehow beloved) boat needs to be in working order. The short Northeast sailing season can slip past with the confluence of needed conditions eluding the hapless sailor.

One fair summer evening, on the downhill side of the solstice with the days shortening but still deliciously long, I burst out of work hell bent to take a sunset sail. On the other side of Boston was a broken-down, alcoholic yacht club in Dorchester where I knew my saucy little home-baked trimaran was at last swinging on her mooring, all shook down and ready for action. But time was of the essence and I was burning daylight trying to return phone calls, change clothes, and grab some food and beverage while my focus was on rowing my dinghy out with muscular determination, bending on the canvas, and casting off.

My goal, as always, was to sail out among the islands of Boston Harbor. This was my sailing universe and I had long ago accepted that I was not going to sail the seven seas as a stout-hearted blue water sailor. Sure, we read of the exotic sailing adventures in famous books and magazines, and many are called but few accomplish such feats. All my ya-yas would be met day sailing in Massachusetts Bay with the occasional over-nighter. And even this campaign sometimes took me to the outer limits of my budget and problem-solving capacity.

Finally arriving at the club parking lot off the busy boulevard, I tumbled out of the car loaded with my little cooler and shoulder bag, leaving the whole urban buzz behind me as I strode through the ancient door and blew past the bar 'cause I'm not about sitting around drinking beer. No! I didn't join the club for in the boozy camaraderie of social drinking nor for the keen thrills and glory of sailboat racing, I was in the odd subset of using my boat to escape into the harmony of primordial elements under a big sky.

Popeye rolls out onto the dock where the vista opened onto the harbor. My senses alter as I let my eyes focus out to the horizon, seagulls wheel and cry overhead, my lungs, shut down from tense rush hour driving, draw deep breaths of sea air. It's looking like tonight will have a beautiful sunset and all is well.

Barking at the Moon

By Randall Brubaker

Except there's no sailboat fuel. Yep, not a puff of wind. Flat, dead calm.

My big rush of anticipation droops before yet another sailing heartbreak. Fortunately just then I notice my friend has brought his new boat up to the dock and we happily chat away as he shows off his new vessel. Soon the sun sinks low on the horizon and he sensibly makes for home. I decide to row out to my boat anyway and watch the sunset aboard. I always hope sitting on my boat at the mooring will be more poignant than it ever is, eating a soggy sandwich, slapping no-see-ums in the still air, listening to the weird tire-hum of cars crossing the nearby drawbridge. But as I'm bobbing around watching the last sunset traces fade into night, a little breeze springs up.

After some 20 years of sailing these same waters I had become familiar with the ledges, channels, and buoys through the islands. The last few seasons I'd begun to lengthen my day's sail by returning home well after sunset, relishing the spectacular transformation of day turning into night under the dome of the full celestial show. The best seat in the house is being offshore with 360 degrees of horizon, watching the sun set behind the Boston skyline. And, babydoll! How sweetly my boat performed when darkness drove the heinous power boaters off the water with their noise and stink and we were not being slapped silly by their ridiculous wakes.

But I'd never made sail and cast off my mooring in the dark, nor had I ever heard of anyone doing this as very few recreational boaters ever stay out after dark. The big rush floods back into me as I contemplate the possibilities.

Most sailors use the engine to safely power away from the crowded mooring areas before they use the more demanding sails to drive the boat. Still, some sailors make a sport of not starting the engine and using the sails right off the mooring, perhaps over-compensating for not being blue water sailors. That could be me. When it works, it's an elegant piece of seamanship, and when it doesn't, much hilarity ensues as the frantic captain plays the horse's ass trying to get control of his vessel before it rams some club member's

very expensive and cherished boat. I know that firsthand, too, for my lively but cranky trimaran's 12' beam and three pointy hulls handle in a very idiosyncratic fashion, giving me a long and hairy learning curve. But I've got it down pretty tight these days and decide to give it a shot. Besides, in the dark, for once I wouldn't be entertaining the clubhouse drinkers if my seamanship failed.

The lights along the shore drive enable me to put up the sails and their luff and snap as we weathervane in a freshening breeze. I set the tiller with shock cord so the boat will back off onto my preferred tack. I go forward and cast off the mooring line, committing us to the endeavor. Still standing on the foredeck, I backwind the jib so we quickly fall away from the mooring ball and the boat begins backing and turning until the wind comes over the beam. I release the jib and hustle back to the cockpit and haul in the sheets, the wind filling the sails into their beautiful aerodynamic curves. The boat gathers the forces and the keel bites into the dark water. We drive forward, my cardiovascular system banging away and my senses bathed in a fine adrenal wash as we cleanly slice through the moorings and make for the channel.

Dorchester Bay has the ambient lights of the city to aid the night navigator. But when the outward bound sailor clears Deer Island Light and proceeds through the outer islands, we get only whatever the night sky can provide. Here it becomes surreal and ghostly, with powerful tides foaming around seaweed-covered rocks that loom from the dark, the sounds only freshening wind and waves, the lights on the navigation aids blinking their distinctive patterns around me. I'm quite alone in my nocturnal pursuit, yet keenly alert for the lurking no-nonsense commercial traffic of barges, tugboats, and fishermen that work 24/7 and that would have no patience for the potential hazard of an ol' hippie dude out barking at the moon.

But I'm carrying regulation lights, gear, and papers, and this night I am a proper mariner safely observing the laws of the sea until I sail back in the wee hours, exhausted but elated, thinking I could do this again anytime I wanted.

Sometimes in later conversations, I would allow as how I, a sailing purist, would sail off my mooring, even at night. But it was really only that one time.



My paddling buddy Jim and I shoved off from the dock into Butterfly Lake, Ontario, Canada, late August 1957. We were late teens at the time. We were to camp, hunt for black bear, and fish for the next ten days. Our water route would take us along the English River system flowing north and just north of Sioux Lookout, Ontario.

It was a pleasant sky blue afternoon. Jim started the little three-horse outboard we had along to conserve paddling energy until we got to the big lake. Our canoe was 17' long aluminum but with fiberglass patches I had put on after I first bought it damaged. It didn't leak but was heavily loaded for this trip.

An hour later brought us to our lunch stop on a wide, smooth granite rock. We pulled the motor off and hid it in some underbrush for the return trip. We now had to paddle across Lake Minnitaki to reach our first portage and campsite. I had crossed Minnitaki the previous summer in a lightly loaded wooden canoe with a different buddy and had no problems. While we ate lunch I noticed a string of white cumulous clouds running down the eight-mile-length, one-mile-wide Minnitaki. I noticed some small whitecaps forming out in the middle. I knew to beware of whitecap water. Daytime was running out and I wanted to get to a good campsite by nightfall. Camping on the granite slab would waste a half of a day while waiting for that lake to calm down.

I decided to chance it and just paddle out a little way from shore and test those little whitecaps, if it turned rough we would retreat by just paddling backward. We shoved off from the rock and into the wind with our overloaded canoe.

Within ten minutes those little whitecaps were rising atop 4' swells that I failed to see from the shore! To my horror the overloaded canoe began to cut into those 4' swells instead of floating over or on the swell tops. Paddling backward, it was too late to even try. I cringed as gallons of cold water began pouring over the gunwales into the canoe and on us. Within seconds the canoe just submarined into two big dark swells and we both jumped out into the 50° water as the canoe began to sink. We quickly cut our life preservers free of the canoe and unlaced our heavy boots to free up our feet for swimming. What a shock to feel the cold water all over my body, and what a sight to see my gay canoe's bow going vertical next to my body. In just a few seconds it slipped straight down into the dark green water. Now the waves began crashing

Our 1957 Canadian Misadventure

By Bob McAuley

onto our heads, whitecaps and all. I looked at Jim bobbing next to me and noticed he was holding his newly purchased .348 Winchester. We looked at that now far shore we had recently left and he sadly released his grip and watched it slip silently down into the noisy, churning, slapping, green, dark, and cold water.

We were scared, up to our necks in cold water and by now about a half-mile from shore which looked like it was bobbing up and down. The shore's horizontal green tree line looked like 1" high and very far, far away.

Luckily we both could swim, and with the seat cushions in tow we began our longest swim and test of strength and will power. Luckily the wind was now pushing us diagonally toward shore, but oh so far away. The constant crashing of the cold waves quickly cooled our bodies down and within 20 minutes hyperthermia hit me big time with chills and cramps. Luckily my partner was more muscular and better insulated.

I was able to hang onto him until the cramps subsided enough to encourage more sidestrokes. Our sidestroke swimming worked well while hanging onto the life preservers. Finally through swimming and rests on those life preservers, those far away trees began to grow bigger and bigger. We kept encouraging ourselves to keep going and stroke after tiring stroke we began to see progress toward those lovely evergreens.

Finally the rocky shore bumped beneath our bare feet and we literally crawled through the breaking waves onto the rocky beach. My waterproof watch indicated about a one-hour swim. We felt like drowned rats BUT ALIVE!!

We still had our hunting knives, pants, and shirts. The temperature was a mild 60 degrees, but nightfall was upon us. We were now stranded on a rocky outcrop with steep and deep woods surrounding our backside. We tried to build a fire, with no luck, using a belt and bow method. We then located a rocky overhang to spend the night and tried to sleep. Jim was mad the next morning because he couldn't sleep and my snoring kept him awake all night.

The next day dawned bright, clear, and the lake was calm. We could have paddled across easily in half an hour! There was no boat traffic and we didn't know if any boats might be by. We decided to hike toward the nearest road at least two miles away. We were barefoot, had no compass, and to our surprise the sun clouded over! We started climbing and stumbling through the dense fir and spruce thickets. Within a half hour we did a 180° turn in the woods and came out on a lakeshore which we recognized as Minnitaki! Luckily for us, after walking the shoreline about 100 yards, we came upon a bay with a dock and a cabin. Hurray! Things were looking up.

And they really were when we heard a motorboat cruising along Minnitaki within our sight. We took off our white T-shirts and signaled the boat. The fisherman spotted us and picked us up at the dock. Ironically our rescuer lived in the next town to ours outside Chicago. The fisherman was nice enough to motor us back to the resort from which we had departed the day before.

We drove into Sioux Lookout, found a clothing store, and walked in barefoot and bought shoes and socks. We surprised the clerk when we put on our socks and moccasins in front of him. We then had to make a report to the Mounted Police testifying to the loss of that canoe. We then ate a huge breakfast. After that we drove back to the resort, rented a fishing boat, and went back to Minnitaki looking for gear that may have floated into shore. We found my brothers' waterlogged binoculars that I swam in with around my neck. We found my wooden hex-shaped tent poles, round grooves ground onto their sides from their pounding on the shore rocks. I saved those as a reminder and used them again for many years.

With little money and no food or cooking utensils, we drove back to Chicago a little wiser. We did kill and eat a porcupine in Minnesota. We built a fire and fried it on the flat side of an old sawblade we found in my trunk. Minnitaki?? YES, YES. I crossed it again years later with a new buddy and a GUIDE.

It windstormed again and all three of us had to spend a night drying out in a cabin that our one-legged guide found on an island in the north end of Minnitaki.

Someday I'd like to search for my long lost 17' canoe.... using side scanning sonar and ROBERT BALLARD!



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Yesterday we had the pleasure of shaking by the hand Mr Alexander M. Harvey, who stands in the West as the great and principal trader in the Black Feet Country. His soubriquet, we believe, is the Chief of the Black Feet. His last station was at Fort Campbell, about 20 miles below the Falls of the Missouri where he has spent several years. He is among the most familiar men in the mountains with the character and language of the Indians, and to his long practical acquaintance has added a just appreciation of the honor and responsibility of any situation his engagements may impose upon him. In the present expedition into the States his patience and perseverance have been put to the full test, but he has proved himself equal to the difficulties and dangers which he had to encounter.

Mr Harvey left Fort Campbell on the third day of April in a large skiff or yawl in company with Jas Russell, Toussant Roland, and John Oregon (a Spaniard). The skiff contained their entire outfit and this, be it remembered, was for a voyage from the vicinity of the Falls of the Missouri to the settlements on the boundary of this State, a distance of nearly 2,500 miles. From the place of their departure to the mouth of the Yellow Stone, their trip was greatly impeded by the ice and high water. It was not floating ice, but ice shore bound, and frequently, with high water, interesting serious obstacles to their progress.

They arrived at Fort William (mouth of the Yellow Stone) on the 13th. Shortly after leaving Fort Campbell they were assailed by a war party of Assinboine and Crows, who evidently had hostile intentions. Mr H's boat was in the river and he was summoned to come on shore, but he understood too well their character and purposes to do so. He refused. The Assinboine opened a fire upon him but he cried to the Crows, some of whom he recognized, and the only damage done was the passing of a ball or two through the boat.

At Fort William he took on board his boat two other men, Baptiste Lord, a half-breed from St Peters, or that vicinity, and Trombley, formerly of Cahokia. They left the Fort on the 16th. That night it commenced snowing and continued, without intermission, until the morning of the 19th. At the Horse Head Prairie, a place where a large number of horses were drowned, they were assailed by a war party of Sioux. Mr Harvey and his party had encamped for the night on the west side of the Missouri when they heard the approach of the Sioux Indians. Mr H and the half-breed, Lord, taking the position of guard, ordered all their traps into the boat and, as the war party pressed upon them, they retreated to the river, when at the bank they jumped into the boat and hastily pushed for the opposite shore where they spent the night.

The next morning, as they passed down the river, they discovered that the same war party had taken possession of a trading house on the bank, recently vacated by the traders, had built fires, and used all the signals likely to entrap strangers to a trading post. As Mr H passed it, suspecting the deception, he and Lord sent a couple of balls into the building and instantly the ruse was developed by the whole war party turning out. Their demonstrations of friendship were very strong and loud but Mr H did not deem it prudent to trust himself in their power.

The party arrived at the mouth of Medicine Creek and there took on board Pierre Blais, a well-known trader among the Indian tribes. At this time the whole party consisted of seven persons. They left the mouth of the

From the Plains 3,000 Miles Up the Missouri River

Interesting Narrative

(From the *St Louis Republican*, 1850)

Submitted by Dick Winslow

Creek on the last day of April and on the first day of May, a fatal day in this city, they attempted to cross the river at the "Three Islands," about 100 miles below Medicine Creek about 8:00 in the morning.

The ice was thick on the banks of the river and on the oars of the boat, and this being one of the wildest parts of the river, they were struck by a gale of wind so suddenly and violently that they could make no provision against it. In an instant the boat was swamped and filled with water, they being at the time nearly in the middle of the river. Mr Harvey instantly attempted to save them by turning the skiff over, sacrificing all its contents, and urging them to hold onto it.

In this, for a time, he was successful. Touissant Roland seized his bag and made for the main shore, but before he reached it the wind and waves carried him back into the stream and he was drowned. John Oregon and Trombley were swept to the skiff by Mr Harvey, but before it drifted to the sand bank on which it was landed they perished from the effects of the cold. Pierre Blais was benumbed by the cold, but by the exertions of Mr Harvey and the others, was got across the keel, now uppermost. He had not energy enough to keep the vital spark alive and when they grounded the skiff on the bar he was lying with his feet on the one side and his head on the other in the water. Exertions were made to get him ashore but they were unavailing. In fact, the survivors were not in a condition to do more than save themselves.

A short time afterwards the current carried off the body of Blais. The skiff, by the exertions of Harvey, was run hard ashore on the sand bar. The half-breed Lord managed to get ashore but he was scarcely able to crawl from the effects of the cold. The wind was blowing strong on the sand bar where there was not the slightest protection, and before he had walked 20 steps from the water he laid down and died. James Russell scrambled ashore from the skiff and immediately crawled, not being able to walk, to a hollow which the wind had scooped out of the sand. In this he was somewhat protected from the piercing blast.


Mr Harvey, having secured the skiff, got ashore, but was so benumbed that he could not walk nor stand erect. By great exertion he got where Lord was and found him dead, and then he went in search of Russell, found him, and got into the hole with him. There he kept Russell from going to sleep and, after a time, they both began to recover.

Soon after they began to look about for their safety. On turning over their boat and bailing it out with Russell's hat, they found a steel for striking fire which, by accident, was hooked into one of the boat's timbers. This and an oar was all they had. They broke the oar in two and pulled for the main shore where there was timber, there they succeeded in raising a fire and remained during the night.

The next morning the two survivors, without any provisions whatsoever, resumed their journey downstream. About eight miles below they found Mr H's trunk and a bottle of coffee, further on they picked up a sack of coffee and went ashore and made what to them was a rich breakfast on coffee.

They pursued their way down the river and in two days and a half, about 20 miles above Vermillion, they overtook three Mackinaw boats which had preceded them. From these they got supplies and two men and proceeded to Liberty Landing where they arrived on the 9th inst, and arrived in this city yesterday evening.

We have thus fully noticed the trip of Mr Harvey because it is one of the most eventful ever made upon our "Inland Seas" and yet no more than might occur to any persons similarly situated.



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Charlie Porter is not indulging in an idle fantasy with his plans to row the Drake Passage from Cape Horn to Antarctica. He spent 18 months in and around the Cape Horn area traveling in a Klepper fitted with an Oar-master rowing rig, living with local natives while carrying on anthropological research. He rowed the Klepper around Cape Horn one mellow day during this adventure. And he has left this November for Tierra del Fuego

aboard a Tahitian ketch he built of steel just for the purpose. So he's really committed to his plans.

Charlie Porter's latest boat was launched on Thursday, October 25, 1984, in Camden, Maine. The boat is a twice sized version of a Swampscott Dory made of welded aluminum. It is 28' long with a 7' beam and weighs about 1500lbs empty. It features nine separate airtight chambers in its construction. The

25 Years Ago in MAIB

bottom and sides are $\frac{3}{16}$ " plate and the top-sides are $\frac{1}{8}$ " with liberal stiffening members throughout. The ends are not only welded permanently shut but pumped full of foam flotation to boot!

The launching was followed by righting tests which consisted of attaching a line to one rail and passing it under the boat and up on the opposite side. The boat, ballasted with about two tons of water in the two under-cabin compartments, was then slowly lifted by a crane attached to the line which remained taut until it had heeled the boat considerably past 90°, whereupon the craft rolled completely over and bobbed upright in the space of a very few seconds, proving to have the desired self-righting qualities in spades. Even if he gets this thing upside down he can't make it stay there.

What would anyone want with a boat like this? Obviously its intent is for something a little more strenuous than a picnic cruise to Misery Island on a summer's day. The purpose of all this stability and strength is obvious when one learns that it is intended to be rowed from Cape Horn to Antarctica, yes, that cold place at the bottom of the world with all the penguins on it.

Why, you may well ask? Well, Charlie's attitude is that it would be a nice piece of rowing because, unlike most other ocean crossings in rowing craft (although this is a short one of 480 miles), it will be at 90° to the prevailing wind and current, not with it as is the preferred direction for long passages under oars.

"After all, is it really rowing if you would eventually reach your destination just as well by drifting with the wind and current?" asks Charlie.

I met with Charlie at Miller Wharf Marina last Sunday and after an evening of description and discussion I had to see and try this boat out. In a phone call on Wednesday Charlie told me that the best time for this would be on the day after all the launching and testing festivities, so I found myself driving up the Maine Pike Friday morning through a cold, rainy, blustery, dark dawn, perfect testing conditions which, as luck would have it, persisted through the whole day.

Eleven o'clock found me standing on the dock alongside a very strange-looking craft with the name *Hunky Dory* on the bow. I was met by Ned Gillette, Bill Linell, and Craig Klonika, the other propulsion units for the voyage. The intent is to have two people rowing and two resting in four-hour shifts around the clock. The boat is fitted with two Martin sliding seats and two pair of Dreissegaker carbon fiber oars. It carries two dagger boards and a rudder, none of which were yet finished, so a temporary dagger board of $\frac{1}{4}$ " plywood was fitted in the after slot and the ballast adjusted to an even keel. The oars were laid into the locks and the engines installed with me playing the part of the forward engine,

We began our trials out of Camden Harbor into a steady drizzle with 15-20mph of wind from the northeast and about 3' of short chop, a fine day in Antarctica. On the way out of the harbor a lobster pot got snagged on the plywood board but slipped off sud-



denly, we later found that it took most of the board with it leaving us with a clean bottom, no skeg, rudder, or directional stability. We set a course intended to take us around Curtis Island at the mouth of the harbor but were unable to make satisfactory progress to windward against the wind and chop, so instead we chose to skirt the lee of the island and so shorten the windward leg of the trip to just the length of the island, but when we came around into the wind again we were unable to make satisfactory headway to windward and so decided to return to the dock and adjust the ballast and install a rudder.

A considerable amount of ballast was removed which made the boat ride higher and gave it a quicker motion. A newly welded rudder assembly (virtually still warm) was dropped through the slot at the stern and tiller lines fitted. After a short fortification of sub sandwiches and cups of hot soup we were ready to try again to round the island. The boat seemed to move more easily in the harbor but when we encountered the wind and chop again we found that progress was more difficult due, in part, to the fact that the quick motion of a lighter boat made it hard to keep both oars in the water long enough to do any good.

That, coupled with the tendency to pirouette around the rudder whenever we managed to get it turned head on into the wind, made the process very frustrating.

To make matters more interesting we now found ourselves downwind from the mouth of the harbor and very close to the rocks. After a few minutes of concerted effort we managed to turn away from shore and gain some sea room to sort things out. The decision was made to run downwind to Rockport harbor, about three miles at this point.

The downwind leg was a sleigh ride, but upon rounding Dead Man's Point at the entrance we again found ourselves with a headwind, but this time with flat water and no roll to interfere with the rowing, progress was slow but definite and we were able to gain the shelter of Beauchamp Point. Once inside the hills, progress up the harbor was relatively easy. The most likely looking tie-up was a float fragrant with the aroma of lobster bait, a real working dock but there was no one around to ask, so we tied up and went ashore to seek transport back to Camden and our cars.

Thinking this a good time to call a friend, I phoned Bill Gribbel who lives a mile or so from the harbor. He responded by

coming down to the dock with his wife and gave the five of us a ride to Camden and further indebted us to them by inviting us over to their house for a supper of soup and sandwiches which, enjoyed around the warmth of a woodstove, were doubly appreciated. Bill writes a column for a local newspaper and, being an avid oarsman himself, exhibited more than a casual interest in a recounting of the day's activities.

Many of the problems we found we felt could be improved upon with adjustments such as longer oars, better underwater directional control, lowered oarlocks, stronger seats, optimizing the ballast, and probably many more things that will come to light in further tests. Indeed, in a phone conversation with Charlie I learned that after this rather disappointing performance he stayed a few days longer with the boat and they were able to go to windward in what he judged to be 30mph of wind by installing the dagger boards and adjusting the ballast and removing the rudder, so there is hope yet. The date of this voyage is November of 1985 so there is a lot of work to be done yet.

P.S. No, I am not going with this band of merry men. Nuf sed.

The aluminum dory is built along lifeboat lines. The writer gets used to the rowing set-up.






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The International Scene

China resumed buying iron ore and coal so shipping, in general, tended upwards but some owners of supertankers were subsidizing the relocation of a loaded tanker from the Middle East to the Atlantic by contributing \$3,445 a day for fuel. (The alternative was to sail empty and pay all fuel costs.) In contrast, last June such ships were earning as much as \$104,663 a day.

A seasonal rise in shipments meant about 42 idled container ships went back into service. There are many empty containers piled up at importing ports such as Long Beach or New York but there is also a real shortage of empty containers elsewhere in the US. Agricultural exporters, in particular, may find it hard to find enough empties to ship out cotton and grains, in part because shipping companies' margins are now too small to subsidize repositioning the empties.

A.P. Moller-Maersk is already the largest shipping company in the world, at least as far as tankers and containers ships are concerned, but now it wants to become a major player in gas and oil within the next ten years.

A panel of European tug owners and pilots warned classification societies that a "dead slow ahead" speed of 9-11kts was excessive when dealing with ultra-large vessels such as 10,000-teu container ships. The panel was also concerned about the strength of hulls and bollards because today's docking tugs often have 70 tons of bollard pull.

Using data collected by Royal Navy submarines since 1971, a British professor believes that the summertime Arctic ice cap could disappear by 2020. From the same sort of reasoning, the Danish association of ports recommended that the state-operated icebreaker service could be terminated. If needed, icebreakers could be hired on an individual basis.

The voters of the Argentine city of Magdelena decided to accept \$9.5 million from an oil company in settlement of oil spill claims resulting from a 1999 collision of the tanker *Estrella Pampeana* with a freighter.

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Ships sank or nearly sank: The *Al Amardar* (skipped by a nephew of the owner) sank near Socotra Island near Yemen and its crew of 11 were rescued by another vessel conveniently following behind, a vessel with the same owner.

Off Cape Town a hull crack flooded the engine room of the bulkier *Pine Trader*. All non-essential crew were removed while authorities pondered how to make repairs.

In East Java at Surabaya the container ship *Tanto Niaga* hit the container ship *KM Mitra Ocean*, which was being moored at a berth. Two tugs took the listing *Tanto Niaga* in tow but soon the tug *Dinar Bahagi 1* hit it, increasing the list such that containers fell off and started floating around in the harbor. Then the *Tanto Niaga* sank. For some hours a large number of other ships could not use the harbor because of the floating perils.

Ships collided and allided: The highly specialized Chinese container crane carrier *Zhen Hua 27* was hit by high winds at a mooring in Santos, Brazil, and broke her lines. She crashed against the bunker tanker *Amalthia*, which was supplying her with fuel, and then hit a terminal and the bulkier *Kyla* berthed there. Damage to the two larger ships was moderately severe.

At Bremenhaven strong winds and a lusty 7kt tide pushed the car carrier *Hoegh*

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

London off course and it collided with the *Stromkaje* (*Storm Quay*) alongside which were moored the container vessels *Maersk Newark*, *Maersk Bintan*, and *Husky Racer*. Emergency anchoring stopped the car carrier but damaged three buoys. Damage to the ships varied but was moderately severe.

At Kingston, Jamaica, the crude-oil tanker *Great News* somehow whammed into a refinery dock and put it out of commission.

In the North Sea the offshore support vessel *Big Orange XVIII* lost power and crashed into the *Ekofisk 2/4-Whiskey* platform during well-stimulation work. The vessel's superstructure suffered damage because the vessel went under the platform.

Ships ran aground: The mate on watch on the 21kt container ship *COSCO Hong Kong* moved the ship's course south when it encountered a large fleet of small fishing boats in the Dadanwei Shuidao channel. But he forgot that there lurked the Lixin Pai reef! The ship passed over the reef and then momentarily grounded, tearing open several ballast tanks. Soon after, the company reminded watch officers to call the master whenever in difficulty in keeping track of what is happening.

In the Caspian Sea near Kara Bogaz Gol Bay the Russian tanker *Aleksandr* went aground. No spill. On the Nizhnyaya Schek-sna river the Russian inland tanker *Kizhuch* went aground. No spill of its cargo of 4,999 tonnes of heavy oil.

At Port Sudan, the cargo ship *Tanzanite* grounded on coral reefs but was freed two days later.

On the Delaware River the tanker *NS Stella* wandered outside the main shipping channel and went harmlessly aground.

Fire and explosion took a toll: In the Algerian Port of Arzew fire in the accommodations area of the LNG carrier *Hassi R'Mel* was extinguished with help from a local tug and pilot boat.

While anchored in southern Onega Lake the Russian *Nevskiy-17* caught fire and five injured were taken by the "Safeboat of the Emergency Service" to a hospital.

In Turkey an explosion on the tanker *Vinga* under construction at Tuzla killed one and seriously injured two others.

In Singapore an explosion on the tanker *Vertex* killed two and hospitalized five. The tanker was carrying 2,000 tonnes of an oil/water mix from Indonesia.

Other humans got hurt: In the Philippines a shipyard worker was found floating in the water, cause of death unknown.

On the Chinese fishing vessel *Zheyuyu 1616* off Fujian province two fishermen in the reefer area of the ship were killed by hydrogen sulphide, a refrigerating gas. A third man survived.

The US Coast Guard medivaced a 72-year-old man from the cruise ship *Sea Princess* 80 miles south of Juneau, Alaska. He had been injured in a fall.

Other events: On his third attempt to row east across the Atlantic, a French rower got about 150 miles out from Cape Cod before calling for a Coast Guard helicopter

pickup. He claimed he was exhausted. In 2007 a Coast Guard helicopter picked him up about the same distance offshore after his 21' rowboat capsized eight times and was pitched once. This time the French rower donated his boat to another potential Atlantic rower if he could retrieve the vessel, last seen off Nova Scotia.

Gray Fleets

Iran announced it had commissioned three *Ghadir*-class "stealth" submarines, bringing its fleet of them to seven. The subs only displace about 120 tons.

In the Baltic, during anti-aircraft exercises, a small Russian warship managed to fire 14 rounds into a Russian village in the Vyborg region of St Petersburg. Nobody was hurt but roofs were scarily peppered with shell fragments.

Only eight of 12 Russian strategic (carrying ballistic missiles) submarines are considered combat ready. Other submarines include about 30 nuclear powered attack subs, about 20 *Kilo*-class diesel/electric attack boats, and at least seven special-purpose subs for testing new technologies and weapons, plus probably at least one for spying.

Eastern European experts confirmed that China will start building an aircraft carrier this year. The No 3 military dock at the state-owned, Shanghai-based Changxing Island Shipyard is large enough for building a carrier of about 50,000 tons and it is being well equipped with a support structure of storage buildings, five-story barracks for nearly 60,000 laborers building the complex, residences for higher-ups, and three giant indoor assembly workshops. Code name for the carrier is *Beijing*.

When Somali pirates boarded the *Maersk Alabama* and took its master hostage, they also took about \$30,000 from the ship's safe. The cash was divided among the four pirates holding the master in a lifeboat but no cash was found after US Navy snipers killed three of the pirates and the fourth was taken prisoner. The Naval Criminal Investigative Service is now doing its thing.

Bahrain has a new commercial port so the US Navy, whose Fifth Fleet is already based in Bahrain, will expand its presence in the old port from one acre to 80 acres. And even the US Navy has no defenses against the swine flu. It reported 147 confirmed cases in all, with 21 cases on the *USS Iwo Jima*, all mild.

White Fleets

Swine flu, or the threat thereof, cost the cruise industry about \$140 million, largely due to cancellation of Mexican cruises. It also put part of the industry into a tizzy in the Antipodes. Passengers on the *Pacific Sun* were quarantined when they arrived at Auckland, New Zealand, because one female passenger had developed flu-like symptoms. New Caledonia officials refused to allow any of 2,000 passengers on the *Dawn Princess* to go ashore on Lifou Island because some crew members had flu-like symptoms. After a fortnight of argle-bargle about swine flu, Australian authorities refused to allow the *Pacific Dawn* to dock in Australia. Its passengers were asked to quarantine themselves for a week when they got home and New Zealand went on high alert in case the ship stopped there. Australia permitted the cruise ship's passengers to disembark at Darling Harbour, even though there were three flu-sick crew members on the ship. In the middle of this muddle a girl seriously broke her arm and the

ship was diverted to Airlie Beach so the girl and her family could disembark and, once onshore, they were quarantined for a week.

Because the *Astor* went aground only 6m away from its pier in Copenhagen Harbor and stayed there for about five hours, and the *Zenith* also went aground, Copenhagen pilots advised cruise companies to hire pilots.

The start of the first Baltic cruise of the *MSC Orchestra* was delayed a day because of vibrations felt during the Atlantic crossing. A shipyard, with assistance from a tug and crane barge, immediately started switching propeller blades at the Ostee Quay in Kiel.

A teenager on a high-school graduation cruise with his parents and schoolmates fell off the *Carnival Fantasy* about 160 miles off Tampa, Florida. Eyewitnesses reported he jumped.

In the Galapagos Islands last January the small luxury cruise ship *Parranda* caught fire and sank. It was recently raised and towed out to sea and sunk, far from the pristine waters of the national park on Bartolome Island where it first sank.

Those That Go Back and Forth

In Zanzibar the ferry *Faith* capsized as it prepared to anchor at Malindi Port. About 20 survived but, as usual, nobody knew how many had been on board. The official list said 38 persons but survivors said it was loaded with more than 50.

The Indonesian inter-island ro-ro *Mandiri Nustantara* caught fire and sank and at least 350 people were pulled out of the sea by rescuers.

In the Philippines the resort-bound *Commander 6* capsized and sank, killing 12 and leaving 50 in the water. At least two other vessels passed by (their passengers taking photos) without making any effort to save the swimmers. The Philippine Coast Guard wanted to know why and also wanted to know why the *Commander 6* had filed two manifests, one stating the ship was carrying eight passengers and the other 42 (the legal maximum). The Coast Guard also relieved from duty five enlisted men who were supposed to have inspected the vessel before its departure.

While sailing from Oslo to Kiel the starboard anchor and several tons of chain of the 75,100-ton ferry *Color Magic* were somehow deployed while the ship was doing 15kts. A fast Full Astern order kept damages to a minimum.

The ro-ro *Vincenzo Florio* was traveling from Naples towards Sicily when it had a fire in its vehicle spaces. About 500 passengers took to lifeboats and were rescued by another ferry. The ship was towed to Palermo.

The *Admiral Richard Bennis*, one of the first responding ferries that rescued passengers of downed US Airways Flight 1549 in the Hudson River, later rescued four men, two without lifejackets, whose 19' boat sank under them. They were retrieved by a device known as a Jason's Cradle, an assembly of plastic links that can be used as a rescue platform or ladder or to parbuckle a body onto the ferry.

Illegal Imports

The Israeli mafia hired six men, including an 81-year-old skipper, to man the rusty old tugboat *Abira* in an attempt to smuggle £36 million of cannabis into the UK. In the tug's freshwater, ballast, and foam tanks were 12.5 tonnes of cannabis resin (enough for 36 million whatevers according to one expert). Authorities had carefully monitored the whole operation for months and the crew

plus four shoreside accomplices were arrested. They have a combined age of 545 years and face lengthy jail terms.

And at Lisbon police arrested a Portuguese businessman because a container from Brazil contained nearly 760 kilos of cocaine intended for Spain.

The missile-cruiser *USS Lake Champlain* rescued 52 Somali men, women, and children who had been drifting in a small skiff in the Gulf of Aden for a week.

A boat carrying 36 illegal immigrants hit a fish trap at night in fog off Sumatra, and 20 died.

About ten illegals died and 22 were saved when two boats capsized off Tanjung Piai, near Pontian. (You are in Malaysia now and Tanjung Piai is the southernmost point of mainland Asia)

Nature

A 670gal spill of asphalt in Portland, Maine's Fore River was easy to clean up because the tar, once it hit the cold water, solidified into a pancake-like substance within the containment boom.

At St Jean Cap in southeastern France, the 40-metre luxury motor yacht *Pari* went ashore sideways and was beat on by surf. It was not clear whether any of 30,000 litres of its diesel fuel leaked out.

French naval forces were used to force the Canaries-bound Russian reefer *Matterhorn* into Brest. It had ignored a previous order and was trailing a 14km tail of oil.

At Piraeus, a capillary crack on the Greek ferry *Speedrunner* caused an oily sheen to appear on the harbor's waters.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

More ships were hijacked and ransomed, additional nations sent warships and support vessels to the area, and protective operations against Somali pirates had increasing success. Pirates were captured (eg, Spain grabbed 13, Russia 29) and they were sometimes turned over to countries (eg, Kenya) for trial. But five pirates captured by a Danish warship while attacking a Dutch ship went on trial in Holland and at least two plan to stay there as Dutch citizens. (Such asylum was proposed by a Dutch professor, possibly tongue in cheek, as a solution to piracy.) However, look for lessening piracy for a while because the monsoon season approacheth with its rougher weather. Now for the fine details of past events:

The Nigerian tug *Yenegoa Ocean* was seized by Somali pirates way back last August but the owner couldn't raise a \$1 million ransom or even a lesser demand for \$300,000. Relatives of the crew eventually managed to raise a pirate-acceptable amount of just over \$150,000 and it was parceled out to the pirates in three carefully arranged payments until 11 bored-by-now mariners and the tug were released.

Are all heroes truly heroic? Questions are asked as to how the *Maersk Alabama* managed to be hijacked. Security experts noted that the ship's relatively high service speed and high freeboard gave it a good chance of resisting an attack.

A Soviet admiral revealed that some Somali pirates had trained at USSR naval academies. His institution, for example, trained 70-80 Somalis a year plus other from Yemen, Ethiopia, and other nations.

The US Coast Guard required US ship-owners to file amended maritime security plans. Its policy concerning the use of armed guards on ships transiting the Horn of Africa

area was not clear and the complete directive is considered sensitive and will not be released to the general public.

Politically, tensions in Malaysia and Indonesia ran high over the question of which country owns the oil and gas rich Ambalat Block in East Kalimantan, and for a few days both nations were ready to commit warplanes and warships.

Tensions farther north on the Korean peninsula and disputes involving fishing vessels and five islands in the Yellow Sea that are claimed by South Korea could contribute to increased problems there for shipping.

Odd Bits

Can a satellite be hijacked? Yes, and it's being done. Two elderly US Navy FLTSATCOM communications satellites are still in orbit but rarely used by the service. Brazilian hams and others found it easy to modify UHF-band amateur radio gear to use the satellites' transponders to re-broadcast signals over that immensely large, largely vacant nation. But now the Navy has asked the Brazilian police to crack down on the illegal users since the satellites are still US property and might be needed in an emergency.

A New Zealand man who thought it hilarious to point a green laser at the bridges of Cook Strait ferries as they transited the tricky Tory Channel quickly found himself sentenced to 300 hours of community service.

Although the crude oil tanker *SeaRiver Kodiak* entered Valdez, Alaska, with the usual escort of tugs and small Coast Guard boats, nobody noticed a dead humpback whale draped across the tanker's bulbous bow until docking started. (It may have been the stench from the bloated whale that alerted people then.)

Does it pay to "stay with the boat?" The answer seems to be with the affirmative. The two-man crew of the 8-metre yacht *Air Apparent* had had enough of bad sea conditions so they set off the sailboat's EPIRB without the skipper's permission. A New Zealand helicopter took off all three and the boat drifted on. That was in March of 2008 somewhere off the north coast of New Zealand. The derelict was spotted from time to time but 14 months later the boat was retrieved by Queensland fishermen across the Tasman Sea. It was afloat although maintenance had suffered.

A UK report noted that the chief officer of the containership *LT Cortesia* had extreme difficulty in realizing that his ship had run aground on Varne Bank in the English Channel even though up to 20 alarms had sounded and Dover Traffic Service was advising him that the ship had stopped moving. His failure can only be explained by extreme overtiredness although he had had the legal amount of off-duty time. (Chief officers traditionally get little rest while in port due to their multiple responsibilities).

Head-Shakers

In Alaska the 58' troller *Lone Fisherman* was running around Ketchikan harbor and bumping into other boats. The intoxicated lone fisherman operator was arrested because, in the language of a 17th District Coast Guard news release, he was boating "wrecklessly."

Former New York fish market worker James McMillan, who was paralyzed in the 2003 Staten Island ferry crash, was awarded \$18 million, but the judge cut his lawyer's fee from one-third to 20% because the award was so large. McMillan insisted that his lawyer get the full third saying, "I don't need that extra. I want him to have it. He worked for it."

The \$150 Rowboat/Canoe

By Josh Withe

It all started when my Mom stepped into a big hole in the sidewalk. My parents had a cabin in York, Maine, and since Mom was a diabetic she had to exercise every day. She liked to walk and part of the reason they got the cabin on Long Sands Beach was because it had a nice sidewalk along the beach. Even in winter the sidewalk stayed mostly clear and walkable. Unfortunately there had been a large storm the week before and large sections of the sidewalk were torn away. Mom was looking at the damage across the street and stepped right into a large hole in the sidewalk. Something in her foot went pop and she couldn't walk so Dad had to go get the car and drive her to the hospital. She ended up having a cast for summer vacation (she is a school teacher) and was not able to walk for her exercise.

Some time in May she got the idea that she could still paddle a canoe and so I had to give back my dad's canoe I had borrowed almost ten years before. My dad's canoe is a 15' Coleman, it is green and with the proper modifications it became an OK rowboat. I had installed outriggers on it so I could row it after trying to paddle while my wife held our first baby. After my back recovered from paddling I installed two 2"x4"s with the ends touching on top of the carry thwart and the sides sticking out and forward to make a 4' oarlock width. By sitting backwards on the forward seat and bracing on the center thwart upright I actually had a fast rowboat.

After a few years I got tired of how clunky the whole setup was and how my fingers got pinched against the 2"x4"s on a good return. I reinforced the rail with square

1" aluminum tubing and installed gate hinges on the rails. These made great outriggers (got the idea from an old article in *MAIB*) with the oarlock sockets mounted upside down so that the top was bolted to the outrigger (gate hinge) end and the bottom of the socket supports the oarlock. The other great part was that I could now swing the outrigger in to paddle or dock.

I knew I wanted another Coleman Canoe (not the lousy Pelican replacement), my dad's canoe had lasted since some time in the late '70s with no care or expense, it had been dragged across parking lots, dropped off the roof of my sister's car going around a corner, paddled on the open ocean (with my whole family in it), rowed from York harbor around Nubble Light and back, and in Massachusetts on the Parker River in Newbury, the Concord River by Battle Bridge in Concord, on the Charles River in Boston, Lake Quannapowit in Wakefield near Rt 95 by the Reading traffic circle, the Merrimack River, and every small pond in Haverhill. In between those times when I or my dad took it out, it sat upside down in the backyard, not costing a cent.

Due to the size of my family I knew that I needed a 17' canoe anyway, (five people don't fit into 15' that well) so I started look-

ing in my price range. eBay wasn't that helpful (how do I get that great deal in Florida to Maine for less cost than a new canoe?) so I tried craigslist, still no 17' canoes except some very expensive fiberglass ones. I did find one woman, Carol, who was looking to trade a 17' Coleman for a smaller canoe, now I just had to get a smaller canoe to trade for hers. After a week of "just sold it," "if the other guy doesn't buy it I'll call you," or no answer (why list something for sale and then not answer?), I found a guy in central New Hampshire who had a 15' Coleman for sale and he wasn't too far from the 17' Coleman (even better!).

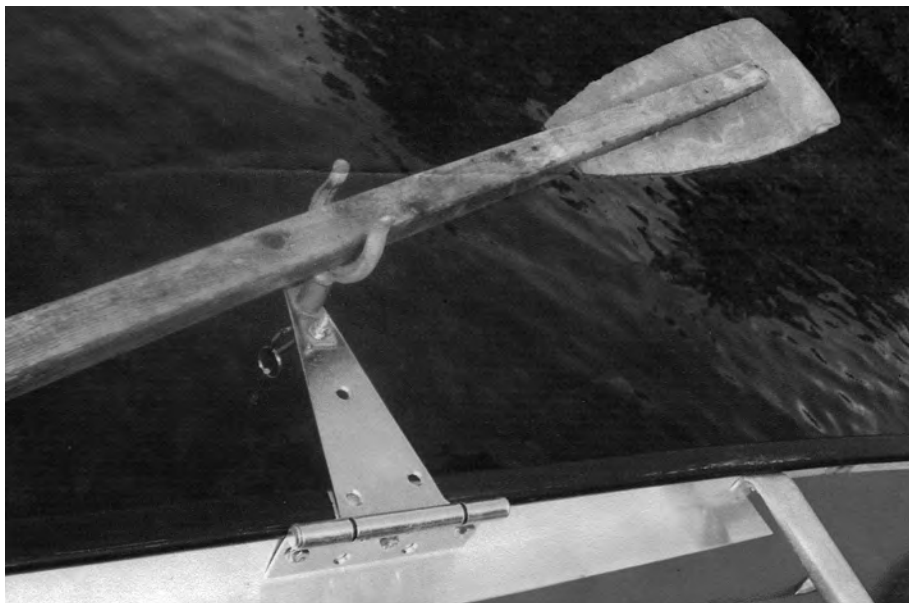
So one Friday morning I set out to pick up the 15' canoe. I found the owner's place OK and the canoe. Unfortunately, he hadn't told me that "he got it for free with a vacation home he bought because a tree fell on it and crushed it." It was lopsided, badly hogged, and the center keel tube (the one Pelican has taken out of the design which ruins the shape) didn't even sit in the channel in the hull like it should. I had already called Carol and was going to go to her house and trade for the 17' canoe the same day as she was leaving for California on Monday for the start of school (another teacher!). Bill told me it floated fine and after it was in the water the shape of the frame didn't matter. Figuring I had driven an hour to get there already and I wanted a canoe anyway, I bought it.

Then I spent an hour hammering and bending the frame back into shape (sort of). I am an airplane mechanic so I am used to tweaking aluminum back into shape. I had brought my tool bag just in case, and boy was I glad I did. Then after the tubes were almost straight I swapped one of the forward seat "U" channels (another part Pelican did away with) with one of the rear seat tubes to pull the top rails into almost symmetrical shape. While doing this I found one of the aft seat tubes was cracked in half. Carol had said she wanted the seats to be sound as the only real issue besides it not leaking if there was going to be a trade. I stopped at a hardware store I had passed in town and went looking for a pipe that would fit inside or outside the seat support tubing, no luck, now I went looking for anything in the store that would do. AHAH! A broom handle fit in perfectly, solid wood inside an aluminum tube shouldn't rot out. I had one of the workers cut it for me (all those tools in my bag and no saw) jammed it into the seat support, assembled it, sat on it (yup, it's strong), and headed for Carol's house.

Now I was late, she called, "where are you?" I explained how the canoe was in tough shape and that I had been fixing it up, I would understand if she didn't want the canoe, but she said to let her see first. After finding her vacation house she said, "bring it down to the water and let me paddle it." She had gotten a hip replacement and couldn't drag the 17' canoe up to where it had to be left and it was very hard for her to go fishing in it by herself. She paddled the 15-footer around, marveled at how easy it was to move and paddle, and helped me load the 17-footer into my truck (yeah, into).

I have a four-cylinder Ford Ranger with the 6' foot bed, I use a load extender attached to a Class IV receiver hitch to carry the canoe in the bed (no cartopping for me). With the 15' canoe it has always been close with the very aft end almost hitting the road going over dips. You should have seen a 17' canoe

Outrigger/oarlock details: The D-ring secures the oarlock in the socket. Pip pin keeps outrigger from rising when backing. Aluminum angle reinforcement makes a handy shelf.



going down the goat track that passed for a road to Carol's house!

I was a half hour late for work (nice thing about a canoe in the pickup bed, it didn't slow me down on the highway or drastically hurt my gas mileage. I just needed to be careful changing lanes and avoiding the curious) after all the moving and work, but it was worth it to get a 17' Coleman canoe that with a little work was ready to row. Now my whole family can ride in the back while I row, and when the baby doesn't need to be held my wife can paddle from the rear seat if she wants. The 17' canoe is faster (waterline length) but it doesn't turn as fast (no surprise there), and it is red, not green like my dad's, so it stands out in any light which is nice as it is slower than almost every boat out on Lake Mousam in Acton, Maine.

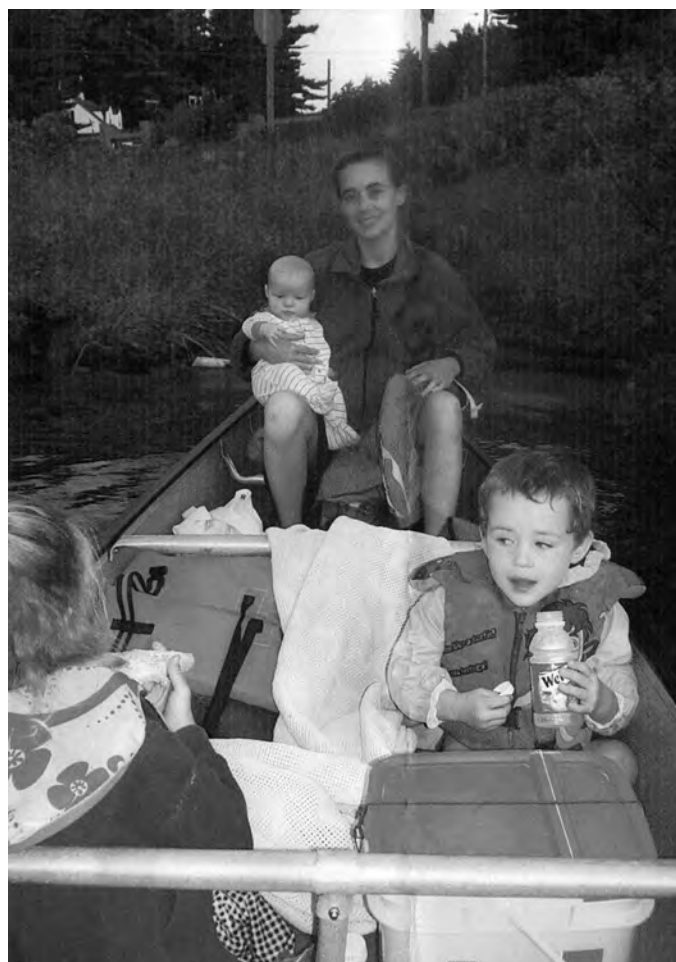
I have always wanted a nice plywood rowboat. I dreamed of a 21' Bolger stretched Gull dory, a stretched gunning dory, and even purchased the plans for Jim Michalak's RB42, but I don't have the space to build or want to do maintenance on a ply/epoxy boat. The 17' Coleman works great, requires no maintenance nor protection other than from the sun. It won't meet a purist's ideal, or even fit in with my old Rings Island Rowing Club boat building experience, but for \$150 bucks, what would?

The family has also caused the truck to no longer be our transportation, I now car-top on my Dodge Grand Caravan with the addition of one more tube, the load extender (\$30 from Harbor Freight) works great to attach the canoe. I have it set up so I only have to lift one end onto the crossbar, tie it

on, pick up the other end of the canoe (one-handed) and walk it around to the crossbar on the luggage rack. This keeps the forward end of the canoe behind the windshield, minimizing the air resistance of the canoe so it doesn't hurt my gas mileage. The canoe hangs out the back quite a bit but since the load extender counts as the vehicle frame my overhang is only 3', legal in Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts.

My wife and I have gone canoeing in my dad's 15' canoe since it now lives on my parent's lake, the last time was just the two of us while the kids played with Grandma, kind of nice to be alone again in the boat that my wife (another teacher!) thinks our oldest was conceived in!

Happy crew in new canoe, about to put lifejacket on baby.



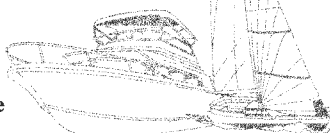
Last paddle in my dad's canoe on the ice pond with my wife.



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A Boat Comes Home to Skaneateles

By John Wilson



My favorite view of the hull.



Utility and strong lines.

Recording floor boards, which turned out to be critical evidence for establishing the original shape of the hull.



Sometime between 1905 and 1929 a 15' double-ended rowboat was built at the Skaneateles (New York) boatyard. It was purchased by the Wilson family to serve their cottage on Otisco Lake, the finger lake east of Skaneateles. The cottage itself was built at Lamb's Grove in the town of Amber on the east side of the lake. When a new dam raised the water level, the cottage was moved across the ice in the winter of 1904 to be the first cottage on the west side at the end of a new service road built by the Otisco Lake Land Company.

When I was a child growing up on Otisco (1940-1960) the rowboat was my introduction to watercraft. I watched my father paint and patch each spring, saw it fill with water when first launched, and learned that three days would see it serviceable for another summer. There is a photo taken by my father with his Kodak in 1950 of me beside the rowboat on the beach. It was printed in the *Syracuse Post Standard* announcing that I had swum the lake, the 3/4-mile from our cottage to the village of Amber, which was a rite of passage in our family. The rowboat, with my father at the oars, accompanied me.

In 1975 the rowboat had aged beyond repair possible to amateur efforts. It was slated to be filled with topsoil and planted with petunias. It did not seem right. Without fully realizing what the boat represented, I asked the family to store it one more winter until I could arrange to take it to Michigan. Who knows what I intended to do, nostalgia was part and I also hoped that it could find useful life again. I certainly did not appreciate it for the classic it is. That was yet to come.

In the next 25 years my own skills in boat design and building moved from interested amateur to professional. I taught a boat building course for 15 years at Lansing (Michigan) Community College and designed a 12' sail and row boat called *Sailor Girl* that won honors and saw 40 boats built in classes I taught in my shop. Through the influence of *WoodenBoat* magazine and maritime museums such as those at Clayton, New York, and Mystic, Connecticut, I came to understand more fully what the double-ended rowboat called a Skaneateles Model No 5 represented.

Between 2001 and 2005 documentation was done in my shop. It took five years because I had to learn how to do it. Accu-

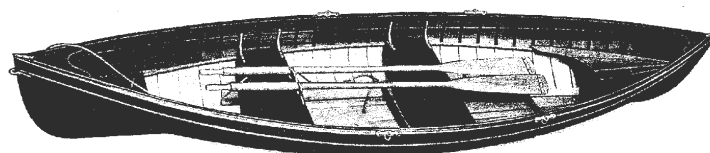
rate recording, skilled drafting, and the reconstructive efforts to understand what the hull originally looked like rather than merely recording its present shape, all took time. The story is told in "Documentation of Skaneateles Model No 5" in *The Ash Breeze*, Winter 2005, and "Skaneateles No 5, a 15' Double-Ended Pulling Boat" in *WoodenBoat*, March 2006.

The documentation plans on four 24"x36" sheets are available from The Home Shop, 406 E Broadway, Charlotte, Michigan, 48813 (\$40 plus post) and are in the Smithsonian's collection of Historic Small Craft. They are in the public domain. A boat was built to these plans by the International Boatbuilding Training College in 2007. It was a privilege to lecture at the college in Lowestoft, England, about the boat and its documentation. The lofting and building overseen by the college staff was the peer review needed to verify that the plans are accurate.

What to do with the boat now that documentation is complete? I had no interest in rebuilding the old boat as I once fancied. Today I appreciate the boat more than ever I did as a child or young man. I also understand the useful life of a boat is finite. If I were to make it a part of the stable of working craft in my shop, I would start from scratch with new materials.

Normally old wooden boats that have outgrown their useful days on the waterfront are scrapped. They are awkward to store and nostalgia can only serve so much. The Model No 5 hangs from ropes in my shop to this day. But a new chapter is being written. A new facility for boats and transportation is being completed in Skaneateles by the Historical Society and overtures to the Society have been rewarded by acceptance. The old rowboat will be coming home after a century in which it served a long and full life. Rather than being scrapped, it will receive the appreciation it deserves as a classic example of boat building from the golden age of small craft.

Afterword: Locals need no help in pronouncing the name of their village, lake, and historic boatyard, but others do. When I told the staff at the International Boatbuilding College in Lowestoft, England, they found the answer "Skinny Atlas" eminently suitable for the slender, classic boat with such strength of line.



Model No 5

Length	Beam	Depth Amidships	Price
15'	42"	15"	\$85
14'	42"	15"	\$80

Hull: Keel, stems, gunwales, selected white oak. Ribs, red elm. Planking, white cedar, copper fastened. Cherry or oak breast hooks.

Seats: Two rowing seats and plain seat in bow, cypress. Circle seat in stern, cedar.

Finish: Best marine spar varnish outside and inside above seats. Below seats inside painted buff.

Fittings: Galvanized iron including one pair oar locks.

Equipment: One pair 7 1/2' selected spruce straight blade oars.



Accurate recording of dimensions of the existing hull was just the start of documentation.



Observations of where age and poor storage had altered the shape over a century. Here the hog in the keel is being measured.

Sailing magazines float into the Regan mailbox darn near weekly. Some of these wonderful volumes are small and quaint such as *Shallow Water Sailor*, and some are slick and expensive like *Sail*; nevertheless, invariably each edition proffers an article or two of such insignificance and trivia that it raises hackles. Obviously the editor was reaching for some literary filler to complete the latest edition. Boring, dull, and unimportant, these articles are unworthy of our time and subscription dollars. The problem is usually poor writing.

I have reams of dismissal notes, lengthy sarcastic comments by editors, and impersonal form letters or cards of rejection. On the other hand, I also have had many dozen articles and a couple of books to my credit. Some of these actually made me money. Bedeviled by inept spelling and worse grammar, I was twice made editor of professional journals in spite of my shortcomings. With that questionable record I sail these literary waters.

A book on the late Admiral John S. (Slew) McCain humorously noted that three generations of McCains were convinced that they were authors of mythical proportions and they could not understand why some insolent idiot like a Hemingway got published while their jottings of indescribable excellence were ignored. Coining a phrase, they were legends in their own minds. All were grand naval heroes, all were exemplary patriots, and all were inspired warriors, but the Pulitzer was not to be. A grateful nation gladly notes that the McCain trio did not think of the following questions lest they might have left the Navy for a literary career.

Like the John S. McCain I, II, and III, we all believe that we have several yarns worthy of print.

May I boldly and superciliously offer some concepts? The following are a meager list of considerations that may improve writer's material:

Writing in Sailing Magazines

By Stephen D. (Doc) Regan

Question #1. Why would anyone want to read this? Most bad articles are little more than reports or diaries of a trip; where they embarked, what they ate, what was the weather, and where they finished. Yawn. All these nautical authors failed in the most basic of points. Why is this interesting to anyone else than me? Is this like looking at someone else's dull vacation slides? Why would readers want to read your commentary? What makes this article special?

Question #2. Am I using too much jargon? When I started the O'Brien sailing books I had to purchase a special dictionary to understand all the salty nautical terminology. While this trait made the books interesting, it was also very distracting. Not all readers comprehend items like relative bearing oil or a skylark.

Question #3. Is this a proper length? Note the writers you like. They usually have a pretty fair idea of length of article (hint, they are not long winded). Editors have enough problems without trying to place a dull four-page article in a 64-page magazine.

Question #4. What should I write about? Daydream, try to think of 20 quick-and-dirty subjects in one minute. Ask others what they would consider interesting. Do not be afraid. The worst thing you can get is a rejection letter. Mississippi Bob Brown wrote a recent article about how to paint correctly. I'll bet that I was not the only one who learned greatly from that little article. I had it copied and added to a compendium of boating articles that I use for reference. Read, read, read. Below are ideas I thought of while brushing my teeth:

- the worst day I ever had in a boat (we have all had these and some are hilarious)
- the best day I ever had in a boat (keep it clean)
- the three most interesting people I have met while boating
- the three dumbest things I have seen other people do in a boat (only three??)
- the best food made on a cruise
- the worst paint schemes on a boat
- my boat is better than your boat because...
- my next boat will be a... (face it, we sailors are fickle and we all have our "next" boat in mind)
- the most expensive and least used boat items I purchased for no particular reason
- the worst breed of dog to take boating, and why
- the wife or the boat?
- my sailing/boating destination daydreams
- a list of really good boat books to read
- interesting names of boats
- the art of inverted sailing (I do this frequently)
- the best boat jokes I have heard (do not assume we all have heard old canards)
- whoops (tell me that you do not have a "whoops" story to tell!)
- the worst names of lakes/ivers (all you have to do is look at a Maine map)
- likable things in odd places (like lakes in Iowa or secluded beaches in Florida)
- Etc

If every one of us wrote one article on each of the above, *MAIB* would be up to its Crow's Nest in really good and fun things to read. *MAIB* would outsell *Sail* and *Latitudes and Attitudes* combined. Heck, they might even re-print our stuff.

Pens at the ready! Write!

"THEM DAYS ARE GONE FOREVER!"



The Boat

It all started with an intriguing ad in the *MAIB Classified Marketplace*. So began another adventure drawn from the back pages of *Messing About*, my third such. The ad for a Cape Cod Power Dory stated, “restored 30 years ago and stored for the past 20 years.” I have wanted a boat like this for years, an old “character boat” to putt-putt around the harbor in Vineyard Haven. The pictures in the ad were promising but what condition was she in? Inside (see below) she looked a bit rough but everything seems to be there.



The seller, Bob Williams from the Falmouth, Massachusetts, area, was living in Florida and I was in Texas but, with the help of my brother Brad, just an hour away by ferry from Falmouth, we got the deal done. Bob had nicely restored the boat while he was working at a boatyard on the upper Cape and used it around Woods Hole during the ‘70s and ‘80s. After 20 years’ storage he was still reluctant to sell it yet it needed a new home.



Home at last.

As restored in 1978.



Salty Dog

Part I

By John Clough



1978 restoration.

Resurrecting the Salty Dog

I use the term resurrection with care. It appears that “the Dog” will be up and running without a great deal of effort and expense, on the other hand it feels as though she is raised from the dead. Restoration is not an accurate term because I do not plan to return the boat to original like-new condition. Bob did such a great job glassing the hull that returning it to wood at this point is not in my plans. Replacing strakes and ribs would soon reduce the Dog to a pattern for a new boat and I neither want or can I afford a new replica. Aside from the engine mount, most of the wood is reasonably sound.

The engine has been removed and will undergo a major overhaul. A heat exchanger will be installed under the rear deck to avoid cooling the engine with raw seawater. New rub rails and toe rails have been cut and are ready to install. The bilges have been cleaned and sanded and several coats of CPES applied to soak into the 100-year-old strakes. West System® epoxy filler was used sparingly to restore missing wood and split strakes were filled with 3M 5200 and sanded flush.



Salty Dog in 2008 before removal of engine.

Nice lines of the 1909 Salty Dog.



Special thanks to Wendy Goodwin, Vice President, for the material on the history and activities of the Cape Cod Shipbuilding Co.

More details, taking off lines from the hull, the 2009 launch, and operation of this centenarian launch will follow in Part II.

The Cape Cod Shipbuilding Company

Even before I bought the boat I searched the web for information on the Cape Cod Power Dory (CCPD) and the history of the boats and the company that built them.

I found one other CCPD located in Maine. The old *Rudder* magazine ads told me that the boats were built in Wareham, Massachusetts, by the Gurney Brothers at the turn of the century.

I soon learned that the company changed their name to The Cape Cod Shipbuilding Company in 1919 and is still in business today. The company was purchased in 1938 by a dealer located in New Jersey. Mr E.L. Goodwin traveled to Wareham to see why the quality of the boats was declining and he bought the (failing) company. Today it remains family-owned and is run by E.L. Goodwin’s son and granddaughters.

VP Wendy Goodwin has compiled an interesting history on their website, www.capecodshipbuilding.com. Some of her photos and description are included here:

“Circa 1885 Myron & Charles Gurney manufactured wagons, carriages, and wagon wheels for Tremont Nail and other Wareham companies. With the invention of the rubber tire, the Gurney brothers knew they needed to shift gears and build something else to stay in business.”



A Gurney Brothers carriage.



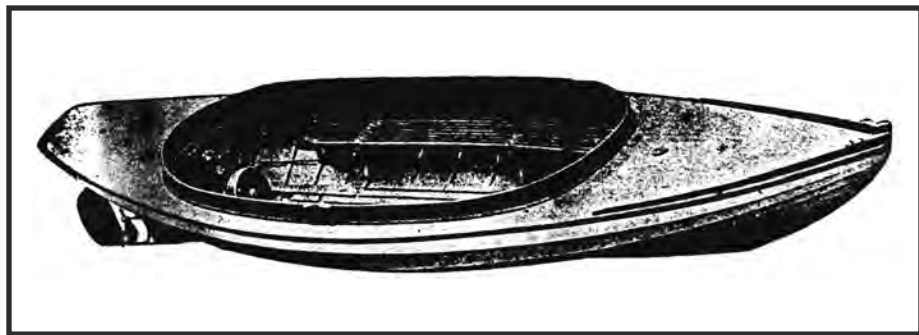
A power dory spotted on Main St. in Wareham, Massachusetts, ca 1909.

"1899... They occasionally built small skiffs for personal use... When an offer was made to buy (one) they offered to build one just like it... The Gurney brothers named their new business Cape Cod Power Dory Co (and) built wooden pleasure and commercial boats..."

"In 1925 the Cape Cod Baby Knockabout was designed and quickly became the most famous of the Gurney's designs. The Knockabout evolved into a competitive one design fleet which is still active today."



Cape Cod Baby Knockabout fleet racing.



During WW II the CCSBC built 40' tugboats for the Army at the rate of six every month.

In 1947 all boats designed by Nathaniel Herreshoff were purchased by Cape Cod Shipbuilding Co. Wooden Herreshoff H-12½s continued to be built at Cape Cod Shipbuilding Co."

Other famous designs were purchased and built by the company. In the late '40s and early '50s CCSBC pioneered in the transition from wooden to fiberglass craft. Today new fiberglass boats up to 44' are built in Wareham at this full-service yard.

For further details visit their interesting website at www.capecodshipbuilding.com.



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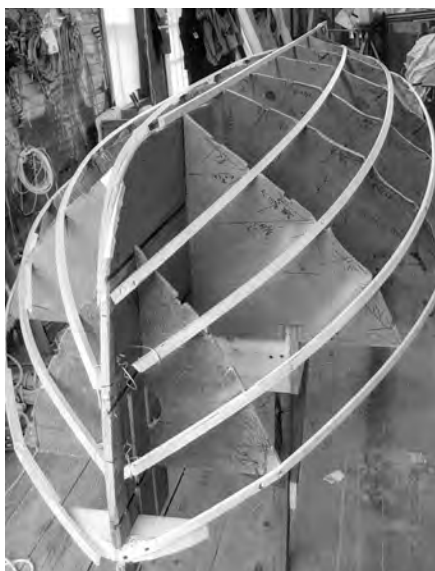
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Frames on strongback, extra notches are from transition to 4 planks from 7.



Cod's head, mackerel tail. Plastic covering for making plank patterns.

Corrugated plastic covering from which to cut plank patterns.



The 15-Day Program for Building the 25' Whitehall Gig

By Don Betts

Preparation to be done before starting the 15-step program includes learning about glue and shop safety concerns, procuring the plans, lofting full size, building strongback to suspend the boat, making patterns for temporary and permanent frames, ordering glue and bronze hardware. We would usually have a bright finished or unfinished boat in the shop as a guide, or photos of previous boat's details.

Day 1

- Install keel risers (heights above base) on strongback before Day 3
- Trace and cut temporary frames on $\frac{3}{4}$ " inexpensive plywood
- Trace and cut permanent frames (big limber holes)
- Cut bow stems, stern knees, and transoms, leaving bow height as tall as practical and $\frac{3}{4}$ " extra around perimeters for screw clamping
- All the permanent bulkheads, frames, knees, stems, and transoms should fit on about a $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 4x8"
- Scarf $\frac{1}{4}$ " x $2\frac{1}{2}$ " x 30' spiling batten
- Scarf $\frac{1}{4}$ " x $\frac{3}{4}$ " about 30' fairing batten
- Scarf 1" x 2" about 30' temporary rails
- Scarf 22' x 9" x $\frac{3}{4}$ " keel (where it needs to be that wide)
- Laminate stem, knee, and transom
- Round and epoxy edges to be left exposed in finished boat and epoxy limber holes

Day 2

- Center line top and bottom of keel, cut view from the top, plane fair, mark bottom bevel from frames at each station, cut keel bevel
- Cut profiles of stem (leaving tall), knee, and transom
- Cut rabbits in stem and knee
- Cut transom bevel (can wait a day)
- Cut floors to fit against permanent frames, epoxy limber holes
- Drill oversize holes for drains in bulkheads, fill with thick epoxy, make flush with butt block plates $\frac{1}{2}$ " x $3\frac{1}{2}$ " x $4\frac{1}{2}$ " covered with duct tape or packing tape (need 12 for planking)
- Glue and screw stem and knee to keel

Day 3

- Keel on strongback, floors on keel, frames against floors on keel
- Temporary rails installed above sheer line, temporary frames fit in
- Install transom
- Check that frame centerlines are lined up and frames are square to keel and vertical
- Easy but exciting day, starts to look like a boat

Day 4

- Spile garboard, cut out planks (both sides at once), cut gain 12" to 24"
- Glue on garboards, join with butt blocks, use butt block plates

Peripheral Tasks for Days 4 through 10

- Install gudgeons and drains in keel
- Cut and scarf inwale 20' outwale 30'
- Cut and install remaining floors
- Design, cut, assemble, and paint floorboards and foot stretchers and thole risers

- Make and paint, except where the glue goes for installation, thwarts and stern sheets
- Beams and coamings for bow and stern decks
- Breasthook, knees, and flagstaff support
- Install mast step and partner
- Assemble rudder, mast, and sailing rig
- Make or acquire and paint oars

Days 4-10 could be compressed with use of sheet metal screws rather than clamps. We did five or six planks on a few boats in a single long day.

Day 5

- Second plank

Day 6

- Third plank

Day 7

- Fourth plank

Day 8

- Fifth plank

Day 9

- Sixth plank

Day 10

- Sheer plank

Day 11

- Install outwale and side deckbeams on permanent frames

Day 12

- Snap in inwale
- Cut and install remaining side deck beams starting from Frame 6 and working out toward ends to understand changing bevel
- Install thole pin under deck supports
- Fit and epoxy in place bow and stern deck beams

Day 13

- Plane top of rails, deck beams, and breasthooks and supports to accept decks
- Sand vacuum, then fillet inside of hull
- Install side decks and coamings
- Cut and prepare bow and stern decks

Day 14

- Sand, then prime, with a plywood sealer inside of hull except for thwart joints
- Install thwarts now or after priming and painting interior

Day 15

- Flip boat, plane garboard flush, plane plank laps fair slightly round the edges
- Remove excess epoxy from butt joints
- Vacuum boat
- Fill holes in keel and planking,
- Fit full width shoe, then glue in place
- Fillet laps
- The boat can now be removed for final sanding and painting

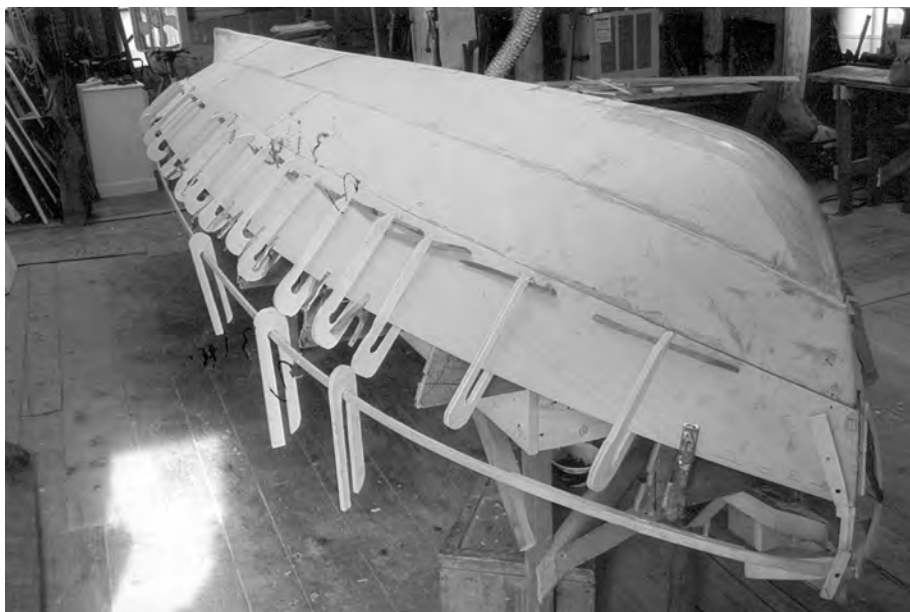
This 15-day program breezes over a lot of details like countersinking for the deck screws, filling the bung holes, letting the epoxy fillets set a few days before sanding, and filling the holes left when removing temporary screws from shoe installation.

We have not built to the 15-day program, but finished a boat in 20 days, primed inside and out, with first through eighth grade children their science teachers and adult volunteers. And we had the exciting experience in the spring 1997 of sending two boats out the window in Sleepy Hollow after 24 sessions with alternating leaders.

The gigs are still being built. One was launched from Pier 40 in May. Pier 40 is host to a number of youth rowing groups, and one after school rowing club has 150 active members. Another has been started at Pier 84. Hours at Pier 84 are usually Tuesdays and Wednesdays, noon until early evening.



Laying out plank patterns on plywood.



The four plank hull goes together quickly at a plank a day (or two with heat and fast hardener).

Basic hull completed ready for fitting out.



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I am a schooner nut through and through. Most of my favorite sailing daydreams include schooners in some manner or fashion, I find them enticing and evocative. And since I own small handful of them, well, when you count all the fireplace mantle models along with the 31' topsail schooner *Jacob Jones* parked down on Chesapeake Bay, it never seemed like that big of a deal to add one to the crowd. The nano-schooner *Whimsy* was added to the fleet just this last weekend.

I must be the only sailor annoyed by the constant refrain of designers "and she has a simple, compact rig, making her a delight to sail" with two fingers so you don't have to put down your gin-and-tonic. But a caveat is required, I do deeply revere designers, especially sailboat designers. They seem an Olympian breed apart. I mean, seriously, they make a living at drawing boats and I support them best I can by buying their plans and books, so I can have something to dream over on a February Saturday night. But in the style of small craft, in the messing-about tradition, I am stymied by the relatively light offering of complicated little rigs. Phil Bolger has some sweet little schooners and much of the rig I designed comes from his ideas on how to put this anachronistic rig on boats far too small for it.

So what to do? Me, I do the vain thing, and build a kit boat and put a traditional schooner rig on it. In this case, the kit boat is John Harris' Skerry design from Chesapeake Light Craft. Skerry is a fine double-ender, somewhat Nordic in its heritage which helps with stoking my inner Viking. CLC's kit and support is stellar, perfect for a first-time boatbuilder. The lines are fine to my eye and the kit is easy to put together. And since she's a fine small craft and I wanted to be able to single-hand her, the schooner fixation gets very interesting.

The rig, well, thereby hangs a tale. So, one wanders among the books on my shelf and there is plenty to show the traditional shapes, schemes, and so forth on. And one wonders how to use these ideas to put a very traditional rig onto a boat of any size or shape. The rea-

Schooner Whimsy

By Kristofer Younger

soning is this, since a rig is many, many times larger than the particle of wind which affects it, it would seem that by scaling down, as best one can, the sizes of the various pieces of a rig, one can, in fact, end up with a worthy collection of sticks and strings that mimics the large operational aspects of, oh, say, the pilot schooner *Virginia* (see <http://www.schoonervirginia.org>) and a prettier craft there has yet to be built, she sings a siren song to me, a most dangerously beautiful schooner, no wonder some go to sea, never to return to mere human company). With such a declaration of intent I ventured to prove the odd notion.

The skerry hull is 15'. I have a knock-about schooner rig which I have built for it for a total of 59sf of sail area. The center of effort of the rig is within 3" of the designer's rig (aft and lower) and the center of lateral resistance is the same as the designer's. Which boils down to the essential fact that my rig just has a mere four more halyards and a mere two more sheets than the sprit rig designed for the hull. And also to think me anything less than certifiably mad, she's a gaffer. The jib is clubbed, to be self-tending, but I suspect I'll need to be sheeting it in a traditional fashion to be able to back the jib when needed (more on that as trials progress). Arranging the lines, holding the push-pull tiller with the aft hand, and the sheets (fore and main) in the for'ard hand, the illusion is complete, I'm singlehanding a schooner. (C'mon, I admit it, I want to try it in 5-10kts of breeze.)

Since I put up roughly twice as much spruce spars (by weight) as the designer's rig, I weighted the centerboard with 15lbs of lead. That was fun to do, melting it down and pouring it into an elliptical cut in the centerboard stock. But compared to using my body weight as ballast, this little exercise was really just an excuse to learn how to perform

backyard metallurgy. The spars I added weigh less aloft than the 15lbs I added below, but I figured that since Cap'n Nat did it in *Coquina*, it might serve me well to have a wee bit of ballast down there. It keeps the centerboard down as an added bonus.

The sails were done by Stuart Hopkins of Dabbler Sails (see ad in every issue). So they are beautiful in cream dacron and make the rig look just right. I read recently, in *WoodenBoat* I think, of a man who had made a boat from scratch, and I mean SCRATCH, who proclaimed of all the things he had to do from casting metal(!) to shaping frames, his informed opinion was now that "whatever you are paying your sailmaker, it ain't enough." Having only a third-hand Sears sewing machine at my disposal, and knowing how much my mother hated making nylon duffels for my scouting career, I figured that each of the hard-earned dollars I spent with Dabbler were wise. Stuart was quite excited to be working on such a weird little project and he did a bang-up job in producing a suite of quaint little sails.

So with a few handmade fairleads, a couple of re-purposed modern blocks, and some Leoflex-X (which is nifty), I ended up with a cute little nano-schooner for demos, small craft fairs, and the like. I had aimed to get her bottom wet by Memorial Day 2009 and made that date with several days to spare. After the maiden voyage, where the captain was befuddled by his own design, I found that *Whimsy* settled down nicely, managing the fore and main sheets wasn't a burden and I put the jib sheet on a cam-cleat, she was a positive hoot to sail. She made her tacks well and was surprisingly easy and well-behaved to jibe or wear. The Skerry's push-pull tiller was just fine and sailing her more or less facing forward was very nice indeed. All the joys and disappointments of a schooner are there, but very small. It's wacky and unconventional, but sometimes that is just what's needed for an afternoon's entertainment. Besides, she feeds the daydreams and the joy is in the doing.



A couple of happy results of this experimental 10-footer have been the sailmaking experience and the twin fin keels. To recap: among the design goals were simple, quick build without a strongback or jig; production by amateurs with a minimum of power tools; low cost; no marine hardware; "lumberyard" materials; no scarfs; and no catalyzed chemistry. It went together reasonably well with TiteBond III and sails briskly for a little boat. I think I have the boom on the wrong side in the photo.



I admit that I moved away from my plan by using marine okoume and meranti and have applied epoxy/fiberglass to the chines and the bottom edges of the keels. I am uncomfortable with the chines as a long-lasting structure (because I used quarter-round as "logs") now that I'm sitting in it. Seemed like a good idea at the time. It wasn't. Its shape doesn't allow good clamping. I could make a whole lot of little fixtures but I didn't know I was having any problem until I turned the hull over. The structural problem, if any, lies not in the adhesive but

POP-I Sharpie Sports a New Rig

By Irwin Schuster
<irwin.schuster@verizon.net>
Sailing Photo by Dave Lucas



in delamination. Getting paint off is ever so much harder than getting it on (and there is a life lesson there about getting into and out of trouble) so it would have been a good idea to apply it earlier.

This 75sf sprit-boomed standing lug is vastly easier to store, rig, and sail than the original full batten, square-head, jib-headed rig. Both the original and lug were made with fabric store rip-stop nylon at \$6.99/yard, 60"

wide (but bought with a 50% discount coupon); total cost for this one was \$20.

Assembly was done with Venture Seam-Stick Sailmaking Tape, a polyester film, double coated with "...an extremely aggressive acrylic pressure sensitive adhesive. A high performance, conformable (tape), specifically designed for irregular and high stress bonding applications, provides a permanent bond on film, cloth, and composite materials subjected to a broad range of environmental conditions." Widths: 1/4", 3/8", 1/2", 5/8", 3/4" and 1". This tape is used for big boat spinakers without stitching! Sailmaker's Supply carries it in 1/4", 3/8" and 3/4", 1-877-374-SAIL (7245), <<http://www.sailmakersupply.com/proddetailist/30>>

I cut, roped, and assembled this sail on the garage floor in about six hours. Three of those were spent getting up and down. Knee pads are helpful. They transfer at least 50% of the pain from the front to their annoying straps. But I digress.

The "solid-state" twin fin keels are about 4 1/2" deep at the maximum and a couple of feet apart. They are easier to make than a CB and case, don't clutter the interior, and provide less chance for leakage. These are lagged through the bottom onto the original outside runners. My first design had the twin keels but I switched to a leeboard. It was a nuisance. Local sandbars laced with oyster shell are the reason for glassing the lower edges. The R&D has been fun. I have a Classic Moth on the digital "drawing board."



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The Story of Its Demise in 1933

Introduction: John Summers, Curator of The Antique Boat Museum in Clayton, New York, has been reviving the 16'x30" decked sailing canoe by making, even designing, and sailing the historic craft. After I finished writing the *100 Year History of the Cruising Class* (of sailing canoes) he suggested I write the history of the 16x30 Class. I said I might act as editor and collect writings about the decked sailing canoes but I didn't know enough about them to do the whole thing. However, I could start by writing about the end of the 16x30. So here goes!

I am the last person alive who was present and had a part in the Challenge Cup Regatta in 1933 in which Uffa Fox and Roger De Quincy defeated Leo Friede and Walter Busch of the United States for the International Challenge Cup. Although I was ten years old at the time, I had considerable experience with sailing canoes. Living in a house with a 16x30 decked sailing canoe, my first sailing was on a 16x30 with my father and most of my summer weekends were spent at the Island Canoe Club on City Island, New York, from which the decked sailors ran their races. I had made my first paddle and a year later I won my first canoe race paddling at Sugar Island and two years later I was racing in the Cruising Class sailing canoe.

More importantly, though, my father was the measurer and I had been helping him measure sails and canoes. I was the only person he trusted to hold the end of the measuring tape properly without trying to make the dimension longer or shorter. I was immersed in the world of canoe sailing!

I can remember the Bayside Yacht Club and the big yacht we went on, which was the committee boat. I can also remember measuring the sails and the canoes. I think I remember Friede and Fox but I have seen so many pictures of them I probably remember the pictures. I also knew Dudley Murphy, "Old Murph," from Sugar Island and my Uncle Jule Marshall who were on the Regatta Committee with my father.

The British canoes were wider and flatter than the American 16' long by 30" wide "Mermaid" style of canoe. They were so called because they more or less copied Leo Friede's canoe *Mermaid*. We measured all the canoes and sails. There was no problem with the hulls themselves as they met the requirements of the rules. The sails were within the area limits. However, there was a question concerning the masts or spars.

The 16-30 Decked Sailing Canoe

By Larry Zuk

The rules at that time required that not over two-thirds of the allowed sail area be carried by one "mast." Because of this, most of the American canoes were ketch rigged. The British, however, had put one of the sails on one mast which was upright and would be called the mainmast and the other sail on a spar leaning back from the bow until it almost touched the standing mast. This spar was in the position of, and acted as, a jib stay and thus the foresail acted as a jib and the rig represented a sloop rig. This arrangement, therefore, was inconsistent with the spirit of the rule and possibly the letter of the rule!

I was, even at that time, aware of the problem and the important decision that the committee had to make. Should they disqualify the British canoes and keep them from racing or should they allow the new rigs, permit them to race, and give them an obvious great advantage over our sailors? The short-term consequences were that the British could not race, or would be racing in borrowed canoes much to their disadvantage, or that, on the other hand, their canoes were within the rules and they could race their canoes, which gave them a great advantage.

I can remember the discussions and the tremendous strain the committee members were under and the conversations between my father and uncle. They were very fond of Leo Friede, who was a fine sailor and who had come out of retirement to defend the Trophy as he had in 1913 and 1914 against the Canadians. They would be dooming their friends! And they were also aware that in the long term, permitting this type of rig would lead to sloop rigs for the Class. These discussions went on for a day or two until the final decision had to be made. I was not present to witness the meeting in which the final decision was made to allow the British to use their canoes and rigs but I remember my father coming home and telling us the decision!

We were on the Committee boat for the series and I can remember that the US sailors put on an exhibition of great sailing. I knew also, at the time, that Uffa Fox was a sailor of great renown in England. I did not remember the exact results except that the US sailors won on Friday in the light wind and everyone was excited and hopeful but they could

not keep up with the larger, sloop-rigged British canoes in the brisk southwest winds of Saturday and Sunday and the British were the final winners!

Many times over the years I have thought how courageous, unselfish, and forward-looking their decision was. The international canoe sailing community should be very grateful to them!

Uffa Fox and Roger De Quincy went on to Sugar Island where, against Rolf Armstrong in a ketch-rigged canoe, they won the Sailing Trophy and other races. They were extremely good sailors but their larger, sloop-rigged canoes certainly gave them an advantage.

That was my personal experience with the International Challenge of 1933. Since then I have remained in touch with International Canoes. I own one and have sailed them, but only in a few races. I had continued to help my father measure canoes and now am the National Measurer and I serve on the International Canoe Federation Sailing Committee. I have designed, built, and raced open sailing canoes with many championships during the 75 years that I have participated, and still do.

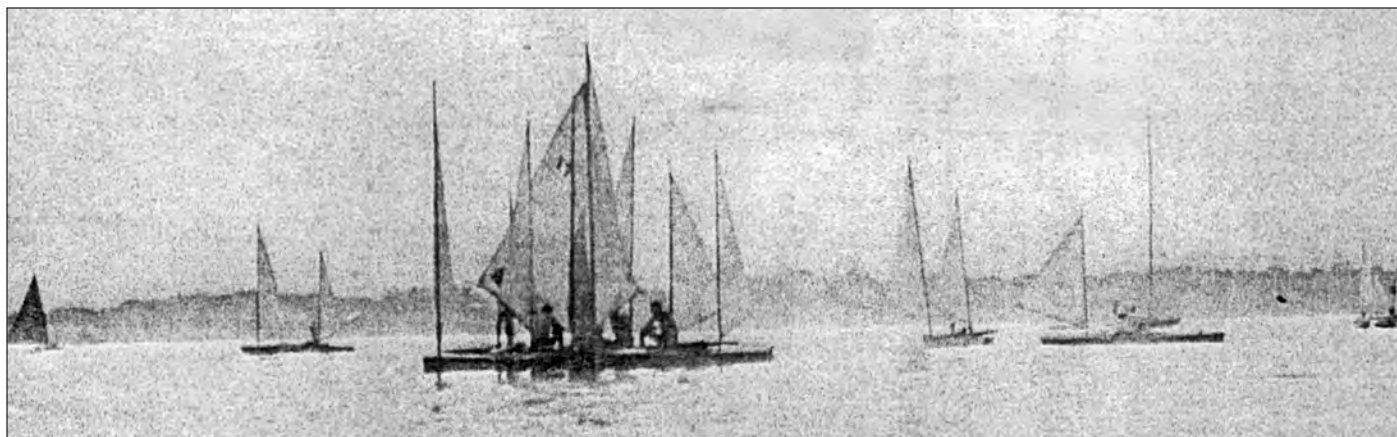
The History of the 16-30 Decked Sailing Canoe

The story of the 16x30 decked sailing canoe is a long one. It developed from earlier models and theories about sailing canoes but its popularity ended in 1933 with its defeat by the British. It continued to be maintained as a class with its own measurements for a while and is now being resurrected for its merits as an exciting sailing craft. This is not a detailed history of the class but at least some background and some momentous occasions in the course of its story. If anyone can supply more information to me, I would love to incorporate it and we might develop a real history!

To begin the story the reader must travel back in time to the 1870s. Those were the days when Custer was still fighting Indians and much of the country was still not mapped. People traveled around on horseback or in wagons or in boats. Farms, towns, and cities grew up around the waterways and much more shipping and traveling was done over water. A greater percentage of the people were familiar with boats and with sailing. Also, the people of the East Coast used the language more the way it was used in England.

John Macgregor designed a craft modeled on the "Esquimaux" boats he had seen on his travels in North America in 1859. He

Waiting for a wind at Bayside, New York, at the sea trials for the US Team in the 1933 International Cup Race.



called these boats "canoes" and named his Rob Roy after a member of the family. Actually he designed four of them and used them for travels, starting in 1865, around Europe and the Middle East. His books did much to make the canoe popular. At about the same time another Englishman, Warrington Baden-Powell, designed and built another canoe which he called the *Nautilus*, which also went through several models. Under Macgregor's leadership they formed the Royal Canoe Club in 1866.

In North America another journalist, William L. Alden, had a canoe made by James W. Everson which followed the lines of the *Nautilus No 4*, and was named the *Violetta*. He influenced some of his fellow sportsmen to take up canoeing and founded the New York Canoe Club in 1871.

These canoes, which we would call kayaks today, were cruising boats intended for making trips lasting several days. They were made by European building techniques, cutting pieces of wood and fastening them together with nails and screws and bolts. They did not originate from the birch bark canoe and had nothing to do with it. They had cockpits in which the paddler slept and, from the very beginning, had centerboards and rudders.

In a similar manner to other yachtsmen they started racing, with the first official canoe sailing race on Flushing Bay on October 21, 1871. The race was won by Montgomery Schuyler in the *Gretchen*, built in England. The New York Canoe Club had 16 members that year.

J. Henry Rushton began building canoes in 1876 and his first sailing canoe, Alden's *Vesper*, was soon added to his catalogue. William P. Stephens was building canoes in New Jersey before 1880.

The American Canoe Association was formed in 1880 at Lake George. They held annual encampments at various places and started a series of competitions. The first was the ACA Record in 1884 which was a combined paddling and sailing trophy. The Sailing Trophy was added in 1886.

In 1886, at the Annual Encampment at Grindstone Island in the St Lawrence River, an important regatta took place where the competition was primarily amongst various styles of canoes. The British canoes, sailed by Baden-Powell and Stewart, were of the *Nautilus* type, larger and heavily ballasted. The American canoes, Gibson's *Vesper*, built by Rushton and Barney's *Pecowsic*, built by Fletcher Joyner, were much lighter and without ballast. Paul Butler even had a canoe with a sliding seat he had just invented.

The Americans very soundly defeated the British with the *Vesper* winning the first race and the *Pecowsic* winning the consolation race. Gibson and his *Vesper* also won the ACA Sailing trophy. This Regatta established the racing superiority of the light, specialized, racing sailing canoe and especially the smooth-skinned and technically rigged *Pecowsic*. From that point on the builders designed canoes and the rules were changed to develop the sailing canoe as highly specialized racing machine!

By 1903, when the ACA had purchased Sugar Island and started its National Encampment there, the rules stated that the sailing canoe be no longer than 16' nor wider than 30" but for each decrease of length of 1" there could be an increase of width of 1/8". They could carry 112sf of sail area.

There was also a "Cruising Class" where the boats had to have a cockpit in which the sailor could sleep, and a Special Class which could be 17' long and 42" wide and also required a cockpit for sleeping and no seat could extend outboard of the gunwale.

All these canoes were eligible for all races except where the deed of gift specified 16x30 canoes. The canoes pictured at Sugar Island in 1903 were gunter rigged but looked very much like later 16x30 canoes with sliding seats. But were these truly the beginning of the 16x30 class?

In 1906 the permissible width was 32" and there is a picture of Dudley Murphy sailing *Banshee* with a gaff rig on two masts? By 1907 the width had been increased to 36" and there is a picture of Murphy's sailing a canoe with a sloop rig, which I believe *Banshee* always had. In 1916 the rules were still 16'x36" and there was also the Special Class. Added was a new sail area of 90sf with no more than 60sf in any one sail.

Sometime between 1916 and 1932 the rule was changed to read 16'x30" with the basic sail area of 90sf and allowances of increased or decreased area depending on length and width of the canoe. There was also a stipulation that no more than two-thirds of the allowed sail area be carried on any one mast. Canoes were made and raced to the 16'x30" dimension. Friede raced the *Mermaid III* in 1924 and the *Mermaid II* in 1925. One of these was apparently the canoe he sailed in 1933.

After the British won the New York Challenge Cup in 1933 and also defeated Rolf Armstrong at Sugar Island with the wider, more planing type hull and the spar arrangement which was actually a sloop rig, the officials of the two countries got together and agreed on a new set of rules by the end of 1934. These rules were approved by the ACA at a meeting on October 13, 1934. This was the beginning of the International Sailing Canoe class.

With the new rules which permitted a wider, flatter planning type of hull and the enlarged sail area, the 16x30 canoe design became less competitive and fewer were raced. Unfortunately, not many were preserved!

The position of National Measurer was created and my father, Tom Zuk was elected the first National Measurer. The canoes, made to the new rules, were measured and I have these measurements in the original notebook. I can remember going to Rolf Armstrong's house and measuring his boats and sails. Rolf was an artist, like Petty who followed him, famous for his beautiful calendar girls. He gave us a signed picture which I have around here somewhere.

From these new designs evolved Louis Whitman's *Manana* and *Phoenix* and eventually led to the establishment of the One Design rules for the International Sailing Canoe.

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A Fresh Slant on How Easy it is to Drown (1933)

By Burris Jenkins, Jr.

They are from 16' to 18' long. Their width or beam varies from 30" to 43" at the widest part. The hull that separates you (not me!) from the ocean is less than $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick. Yet they carry, most of them, two masts (hollow) and a wide spread of canvas on each. An expert can sail one through a gale of wind.

"Capsize? Of course. That's nothing. You often capsize several times in a race," explained one of the three or four most expert canoe sailors in the world, Adam Wahl, yesterday. In "spare time" young Mr Wahl is a commercial artist with a studio at 128 W 23rd St, New York.

"A good man can capsize without getting his feet wet, right his boat, and go on sailing without losing more than a few seconds' time."

Mr Wahl explained how it is possible to sail such frail and unsteady craft through nearly any kind of weather. (The races with the two selected British experts for the International Challenge Trophy and our own chosen team will come off this weekend in Little Neck Bay or thereabouts).

Good Exercise

It seems the skipper has to perch on a thin plank about 6' long over the side of his boat amidships, varying his position on the plank to balance the pressure of the wind blowing in his sails on the opposite side. If a sudden gust comes the idea is to bend way back over the end of the plank and, with a series of jerks and acrobatic contortions, force the sails up against the wind.

"Good exercise," he says, "to keep down the waist line. Proper leverage can always right a sail canoe, no matter how strong the wind."

The boat won't sink. They're watertight and the tiny cockpit self-bailing. That is, the water runs out through the centerboard slot.

"An experienced sailor," Wahl says, "rarely comes into the wind when a gust comes. He doesn't want to lose an inch of forward progress. Maybe he releases the sheets a notch or two, then hauls 'em back in. As long as the masts are a foot above the water he's still sailing. Last Friday I could see my centerboard below me, almost entirely out of water."

Footwork Needed

Steering is done with a long tiller that extends out in the same direction as the "outrigger" plank and is attached to a connecting rod that runs aft to the rudder. The sheets are handled with the feet. This latter innovation is the key to modern canoe sailing, Mr Wahl explains.

"We now have a type of cleat that allows the sheet (rope that pulls in the end of the sail, for you landlubbers) to be hauled in but grips the rope to prevent it running out. There is a release arm on the cleat which can be raised with the foot to allow the line to pay out when necessary. Your foot gets so used to opening and closing the cleats (there is one for each sail) that you kick out automatically in a fraction of a second's time."

To "come about" (turn around so that the wind blows the sails over to the other side) it is necessary to do a dozen things quickly and in perfect sequence. The outrigger board slides across in a slot to the other side. So does the tiller. The skipper must step to the canoe's center to preserve careful balance as he crawls out the plank on the other side.

Forward Mast Goes

"It gets to be instinctive. And the main idea is keep going at all times!"

In heavy going, Mr Wahl has seen seas completely cover a canoe's hull, the sails and the skipper's head the only things visible out of water, and the boat sailing on! Last Friday Mr Wahl had his forward mast blown off in the stormy wind. Rapidly he cut the shrouds loose and cast the broken mast and tackle overboard, unstepped the after mast, and carried it and the sail forward in the tossing canoe, and stepped it in the socket forward. Then he sailed on and finished the race in third place, only to find he was disqualified for "not finishing with complete equipment aboard." This oversight will probably prevent his selection for the International Races.

"They were absolutely right," he grinned ruefully, "I just forgot that rule."

A Wearing Task

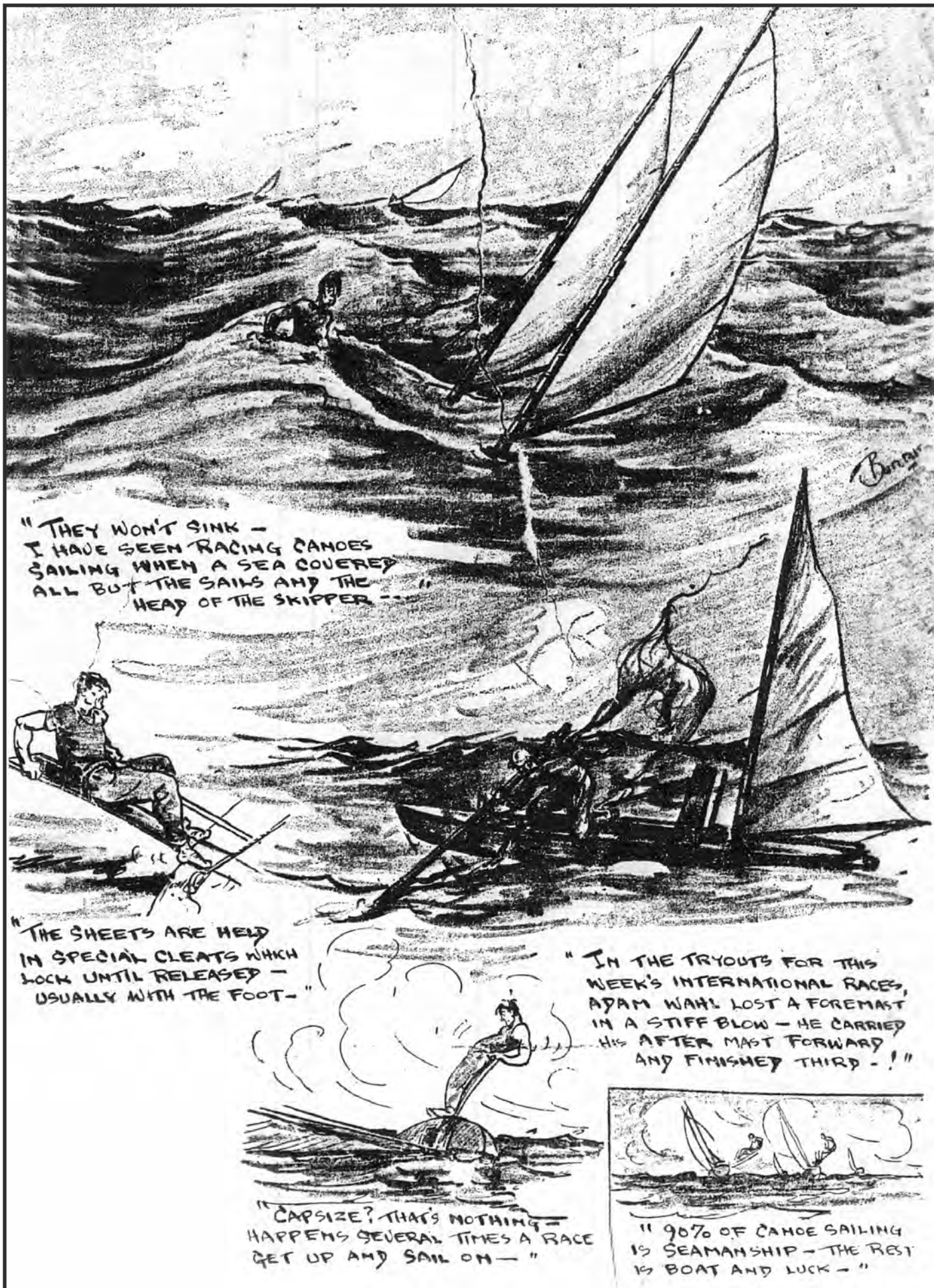
Once he sailed a strange boat with a foot longer boom. In rounding a buoy he figured his distance with a sweeping glance so as not to lose an inch, then busy with coming about did not look at the buoy again until he felt a faint bump. The end of the boom had slightly

scraped the buoy. The few unfamiliar inches had lost him the race for it was a disqualification to touch a buoy.

He has been in weather so bad that he was "blown down every 200'." But it takes a gale to do it.

"That is miserable work. There is nothing you can do about it. A sea comes along and whirls you like a piece of paper. Down you go in a mess. You adjust the seat board, jerk back up, and go on, only to go down again a few seconds later. You can always get home but it wears you down and takes time."





"THEY WON'T SINK -
I HAVE SEEN RACING CANOES
SAILING WHEN A SEA COVERED
ALL BUT THE SAILS AND THE
HEAD OF THE SKIPPER - -"

"THE SHEETS ARE HELD
IN SPECIAL CLEATS WHICH
LOCK UNTIL RELEASED -
USUALLY WITH THE FOOT -"

"IN THE TRYOUTS FOR THIS
WEEK'S INTERNATIONAL RACES,
ADAM WAHL LOST A FOREMAST
IN A STIFF BLOW - HE CARRIED
HIS AFTER MAST FORWARD
AND FINISHED THIRD - !!"

"CAPSIZE? THAT'S NOTHING -
HAPPENS SEVERAL TIMES A RACE
GET UP AND SAIL ON -"

"90% OF CANOE SAILING
IS SEAMANSHIP - THE REST
IS BOAT AND LUCK -"

Thoughts on Early British Canoes

By C. Stansfeld-Hicks and John Macgregor
1887

Edited by Tony Ford
Reprinted from *Paddles Past*
The Journal of the Historic
Canoe and Kayak Association



The Rob Roy was the first canoe of a safe and handy type, the canoes in existence before its appearance being generally exceedingly shallow and very dangerous, for although they were partly decked, they were left open amidships for the reception of the occupant, the fore part of the deck stopping short some 9"-10" from his feet, and it was impossible to keep out the water if from any accident the gunwale of the canoe was forced under water. Such canoes are even now used in some places and the general type of canoe let out for hire at most boathouses is of this description, Rob Roys being in general only constructed for private owners.

Owing to the shortness of the Rob Roy type, which was requisite to give sufficient handiness, extreme speed could not be attained "under paddle" and to meet this want the Ringleader canoe was designed, of extreme length as compared to the Rob Roy.

For the purpose for which it was intended it answered very well and it was capable of being paddled at a great speed, but in the Rob Roy races, which are a combination of paddling, sailing, drawing the canoe over a certain length ashore, jumping over a ditch, and climbing over a hedge hauling it after, and sundry other evolutions, finishing up with an upset and a swim in clothes, towing the canoe, the Rob Roy type came off victorious, being possessed of more all-round qualities.

The Ringleader, which was built on the axiom that "length means speed," is not much seen now and canoeists have, as a rule, gone in for craft that can carry canvas and go to windward under it; and in considering them we come to sailing canoes such as the Nautilus, Pearl, and Mersey canoes. These canoes which can be readily paddled on occasion (with the exception of the latter type), depend more on their sails than the paddle while there is any wind at all as they can work to windward under sail faster than they can be paddled, which is not the case with the Rob Roy type, which is a sort of compromise, being neither a racing paddling canoe of the Ringleader type, nor a sailing canoe, but a canoe that can be easily paddled and carries sail on suitable occasions.

In *Practical Canoeing* by Typhys (Penrose, 1883), under "classes for paddling" the second class (Ringleader) of craft for competition is described as "Clincher-built, of any material, decked with wood, greatest length not more than 18', greatest beam not less than 24". The third class (Rob Roy) is described similarly except that the length should not be more than 15' and the beam not less than 26".

Graham Mackereth says he has found a clincher kayak 21'6" long and 24" beam which seems very similar to the Ringleader though it was never fitted for sailing and seems to be typified by the engraving on the Paddling Challenge Cup of the Royal Canoe Club, 1874. Designs seemed to develop faster than the rules and this predates the Single Strake, which had been previously thought to be the earliest racing kayak. Graham believes this was a racing Ringleader, later to be classified as a first class. This design was later refined in the mid 1880s with single strakes, referred to in *Canoeing* competing at the Royal and at Cambridge. Graham finally goes on to say that he suspects that Ringleaders were unusual as they spawned the racing kayak, but which must have become out of date very quickly, certainly virtually no references to Ringleaders have to date been found less those in this paper due to development and rule changes.

The great difference in the two forms of sailing is this: Supposing in a Rob Roy you have a fair wind, either a run or a ratch. All you have to do is to up sail and off you go merrily enough; but if the wind be dead against you, then perhaps with a specially good boat of the type you might draw a little to windward close-hauled, but it would not be much and would be such slow work that you would soon find that if you wanted to progress against the wind you would have to douse sail and get up steam.

Now, in a sailing canoe all is quite different. She will outpace the Rob Roy off the wind at such a rate that in no time the traveling canoe will be where the little boat was, "a long way astern," and when close-hauled the Rob Roy would never see the way she was going, for the sailing canoe would, thanks to her centreboard, lie as close to the wind as a cutter and with patent reefing-gear could snug at a moment's notice so as not to care how many hands were at the bellows, and if blowing up a gale of wind a Mersey canoe with mizzen set in place of the main or with other snug sail would go over the seas like a duck but, and there is always a but for it is not easy to find perfection, you would not much like the job of using a sailing canoe for traveling, not only on water, but over hedges, on railways, and occasionally dragging it yourself overland from one piece of water to another.

The Rob Roy is best for what it has been designed for and the sailing canoe for its purpose and an intending builder must first know what he wants and then set about getting those wants fulfilled in the most complete way in the craft he proposes to construct.

The Rob Roy canoe and its adventurous owner and designer, Mr MacGregor, Esq, are well known, not only to canoeists but to the reading world in general. It is not, however, so generally known that the inventor of the Rob Roy is one of the survivors of the crew of the Kent, East Indiaman, lost by fire many years ago. Colonel MacGregor, the father of the canoeist, was in command of the troops on board and "Rob Roy" MacGregor, then an infant in arms, was passed down into the boats with those of the troops and crew who escaped.

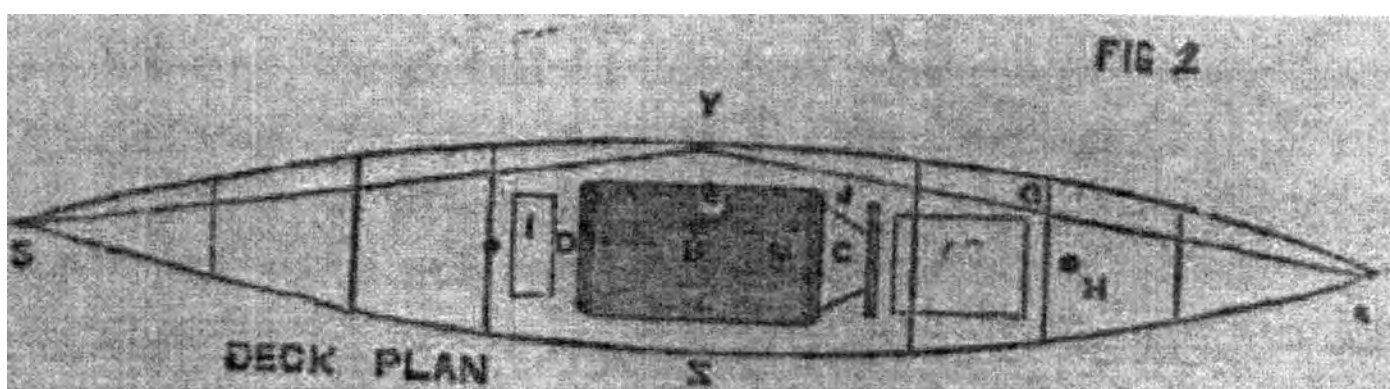
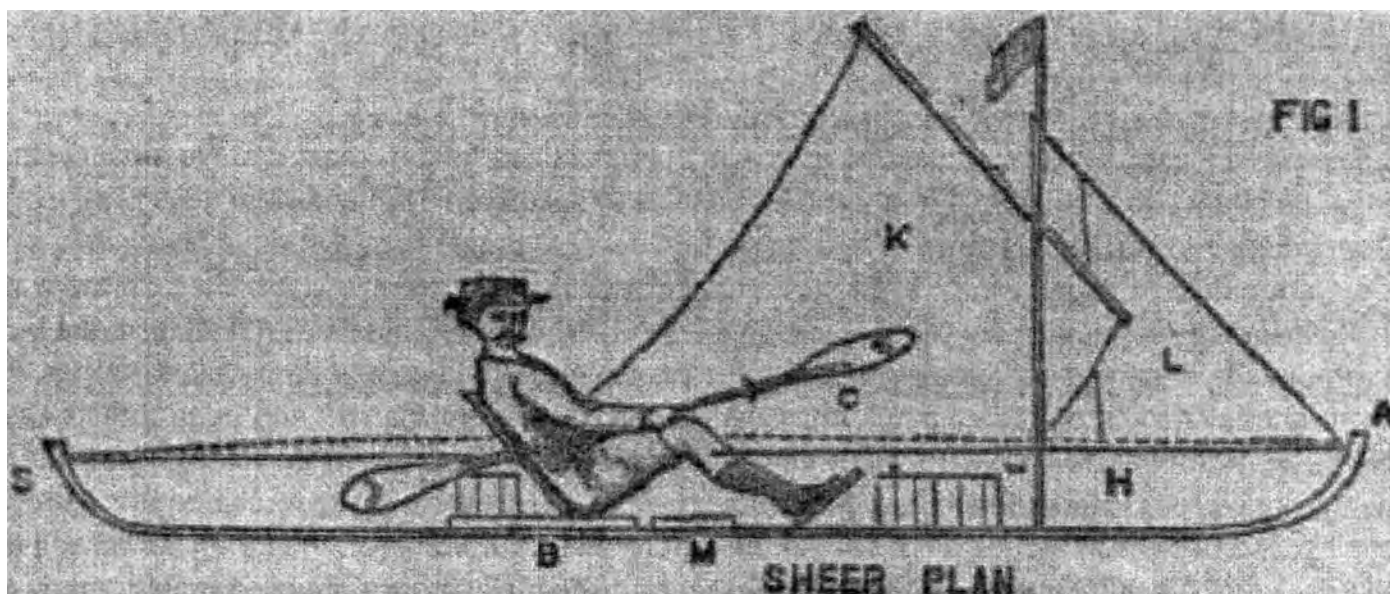
Some time since the writer had, by invitation of Mr MacGregor, the pleasure of a most interesting inspection of the various Rob Roys, that of the Baltic, Jordan, etc, and the many objects collected during the canoe travels which formed quite an extensive museum of extreme interest, not only to a canoeist but to anyone fond of foreign travel for Mr MacGregor's researches extended to such out-of-the-way places, thanks to his unique means of locomotion, that he saw the countries he visited as probably no other traveler had done before, and in such new and varied aspects as to make the numerous mementoes of these canoe voyages of peculiar interest for each paddle stroke of the exploration of some new regions, and every little flag, with its silk faded and torn, told of sunshine and clouds, calm and storm, and dangers and trials of many kinds, manfully overcome, cheerfully endured, and graphically related. At the same time Mr MacGregor kindly gave me permission to use his description of the canoe invented by him, which I have therefore given unaltered as no one can better state its salient points and complicated details than the man who first originated it and afterwards showed the wide and varied uses to which it could be put.

The Rob Roy, Mr MacGregor says, was designed to sail steadily, to paddle easily, to float lightly, to turn readily, and to bear rough usage on stones and banks, and in carts, railways, and steamers, to be durable and dry as well as comfortable and safe. To secure these objects every plank and timber was carefully considered beforehand as to its size, shape, and material and the result has been most successful. In the efforts to obtain a suitable canoe for this purpose ready made, it was soon found that boat builders might be proficient in the cabinet maker's work of their calling without any knowledge of the principles required for a new design, especially when sailing, paddling, and carrying had to be provided for at once, and the requirements for each were unknown except to those who had personally observed them and had known how to work the paddle as well as the saw and plane.

A canoe ought to fit a man like a coat, and to secure this the measure of the man should be taken for his canoe. The first regulating standard is the length of the man's feet which will determine the height of the canoe from keel to deck, next the length of his leg which governs the size of the well, and then the weight of the crew and baggage which regulates to be provided for. The following description is for a canoe to be used by a man 6' high, 12 stone weight, and with boots 1' long in the sole.

The Rob Roy is built of the best oak except for the top streak of mahogany and the deck of fine cedar. The weight without fittings is 60lbs and all complete 71lbs. Lightness is not of so much consequence in this case as good lines, for a light boat if crank will tire the canoeist far more in a week's cruise than would a heavier but stiff craft which does not strain his body every moment to keep her poised under the alternate strokes of the paddle or the sudden pressure of a squall on the sail. Fig 1 is a section of the canoe with masts and sails, Fig 2 a bird's-eye view of the deck, Figs 3 and 4 cross sections at the beam and at the stretcher, Figs 9 10, and 11 the backboard and the apron. The other drawings show particular portions more minutely.

The principal dimensions are length over all (A S), 14'; from stem to beam (B) 7'6"; beam outside, 6" abaft midships, 26"; depth from top of deck at C, fore end of the



well, to upper surface of keel, 11"; keel depth outside, 1", with an iron band along its whole length $\frac{3}{8}$ " wide; camber, 1"; depth at gunwale $8\frac{1}{2}$ ". The upper strake is of mahogany and quite vertical at the beam where its depth is 3". The garboard strake and the next on each side are strong, while the next two are light as it is found that they are less exposed than the others, particularly where all these lower strakes are of oak. The stem and stern posts project over the deck so that the canoe, if turned over, will rest on these points and on the upper edge of the combing round the well, $\frac{1}{8}$ " deep, projecting $\frac{1}{2}$ " of steamed oak curved at the corners and adding by its angular position very much to the strength of the deck about the well. The well is 32" from C to D and 20" from B to F, so placed that D M is 2', and thus, the beam of the boat being aft of the midships, the weight of the luggage (G) and of the masts and sails stowed forward brings the boat to early an even keel. The additional basket of cooking things at (Fig 2) brings her a little by the stern.

For a boat without luggage the beam should be 1' abaft the midships to secure an even keel. The deck is supported by four carlines forward and three aft, the latter portion being thus more strengthened because in some cases it is required to support the weight of the canoeist sitting on the deck with his legs in the water. Each carline has a piece cut out of its end (see Fig 6), so that the water inside may run along to the beam when the canoe is canted to sponge it out. The after end of the carline at C is beveled off (Fig 5 in section) so as not to catch the shins of your legs.

All the canines are narrow and deep to economize strength and the deck is screwed to them by brass screws so that it might be removed for internal repairs. A flat piece is inserted under the deck at the mast-hole (H) which is also furnished with a flanged brass ring. The deck is so arched as to enable the feet to rest comfortably on the broad stretcher J (Fig 4), the centre of it being cut down in a curve in order that the masts and sails rolled together may rest there when there is no luggage and be kept under the deck but above any wet on the floor.

When there is luggage (as in the Baltic voyage) the masts and sails were usually put under the after-deck. The cedar deck round the well at E F is firmly secured by knee-pieces and the boat may be lifted up by any part and may be sat upon in any position without injury. The luggage for three months, weighing $9\frac{1}{2}$ lbs, is carried in a black leather-cloth bag, 1'x1'x5" deep (G, Figs 1 and 2). A watertight compartment may be made by an after bulkhead with a lid to open so as to allow the air to circulate when on shore.

The floor-boards, about 2' long, rest on the timbers until at the part below C (Fig 2); they end at P P (Fig 7) in notched grooves, which fit into short oak pieces M N, $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick, sloping forwards on each side of the keel (O). Their ends rest on the garboard streaks and so lower the heels nearly 1" below the level of the floor-board on to the top of the timbers. The canoeist sits on the floor-boards. I prefer this to any cushion or mat whatever, but of course these can be used but they should be firmly fixed, especially in rough water. The

canoeist's knees touch the combing and the apron boards, while his heels touch the keel. Thus Fig 1, from the stretcher to the deck, shows how the shin-bones are supported in comfort, enabling the paddler to sit for hours together without straining.

But comfort is additionally secured by my new kind of backboard shown in Figs 8 and 9 in section and elevation. This consists of two strips of oak 18" long, $2\frac{1}{2}$ " wide, and united by a cross-piece at Y and another at X, the latter being grooved (Fig 8) so as to rest on the top of the combing and to oscillate with the movement of the canoeist's back which is thus supported on both sides along the muscles while the spine is untouched between the strips. The dotted line (Fig 8) is a strong cord passed round all (through a hole in the deck or two eyes) and this serves to keep the back-board in general upright while it is free to vibrate, or when on shore to be closed down flat on deck or be removed entirely in a moment by unloosing the cord.

The use of this back-board is a leading feature of the canoe and adds very much indeed to the canoeist's comfort and therefore to his efficiency. The length and width of the oak strips, and the width of the interval between them, ought to be carefully adjusted to the size and "build" of the canoeist, just as a saddle ought to fit a horse and its rider, too. The paddle is 7' long, flat-bladed, with a breadth of 5" in each palm, which is copper-banded and made of the best spruce fir, the weight being little over 2lbs. The spoon-shaped blade is better for speed and a longer paddle is suitable for a racing boat, but

for a traveling canoe, where long paddling, occasional sailing, and frequent shoving require the instrument to combine lightness, straight edge, handiness, and strength, it is found that a short paddle is best for the varied work of a long voyage.

Leather cups have been usually employed on the wrists of the paddle to catch the dripping water, but round India rubber rings look much better and answer every purpose if placed just above the points where the paddle dips into the water in an ordinary stroke. These rings may be had for twopence and can be slipped on over the broad blade. If necessary, two are used on each side and they bear rough usage well, while if they strike the cedar deck no injury is done to it. (The paddle of an Esquimaux kayak lately examined was 6'11" long and 5½" broad in the palm and the ends had the corners rounded off. The Esquimaux use a piece of fish skin wound spirally round the paddle in place of the rings above mentioned.)

After numerous experiments, the following very simple plan has been devised for a waterproof apron and its application at once removes one of the chief objections to canoes in rough water as heretofore constructed.

It is necessary to have a covering for the well which shall effectually exclude water and yet be so attached as not to hamper the canoeist in case of an upset or when he desires to get out of the boat in a more legitimate manner. These desiderata are completely secured by the new apron which is not permanently attached in any manner to the boat, but is formed as follows:

A piece of light wood of the form in Fig 10, 2' long and 3" deep at the deepest part, is placed along each side of the deck vertically so as just to rest against the outside of each knee of the canoeist, and then a piece of macintosh cloth (drab colour is best) is tightly nailed along and over these so as to form an apron, supported at each side on N (Fig 11)

and sloping from the highest part forwards down to the deck in front of the combing, over which its edge projects an inch and then lies flat. The other or after end is so cut and formed as to fit the body neatly and the ends may be tucked in behind, or when the waves are very rough they should be secured outside the back-board by a string with a knot. When this apron is so applied and the knees are in position their pressure keeps the whole apron steady and the splash of small waves is not enough to move it. But for rough water I place a string across the end and round two screw-nails on the deck, or an India-rubber cord may be run through the hemmed end and catch on a beading at the fore part of the combing.

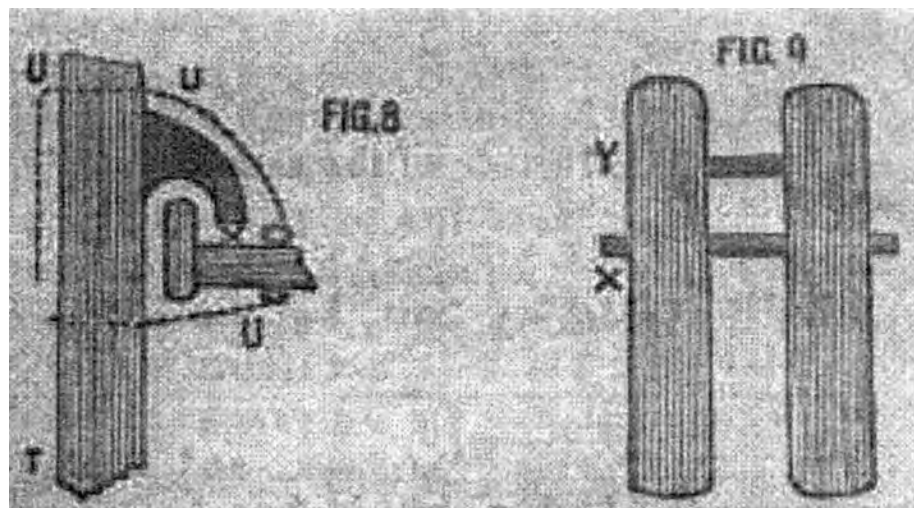
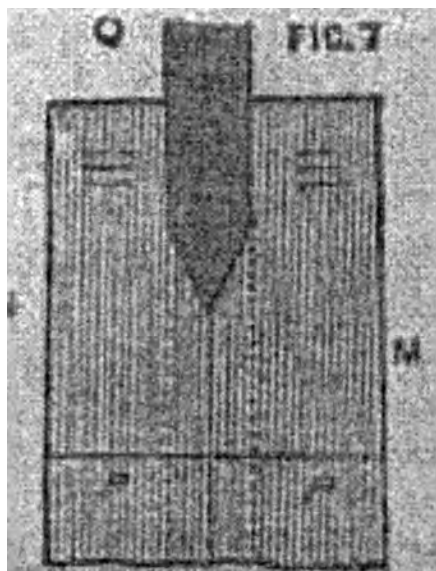
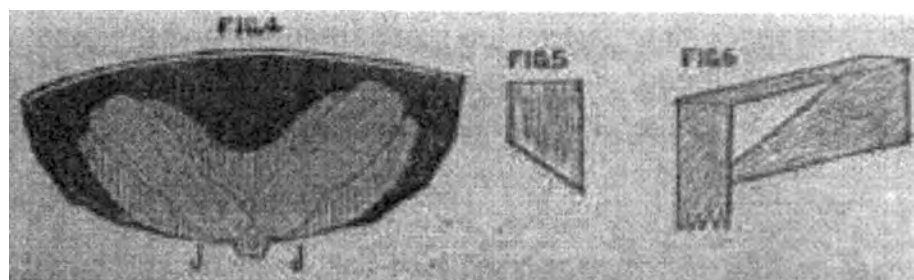
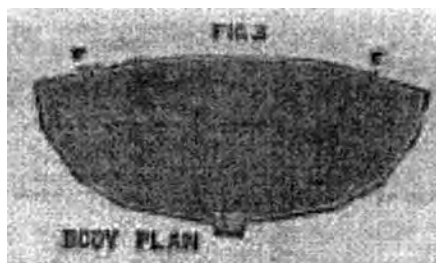
A button-hole at the highest point of the apron near the waistcoat allows it to be supported there, but the whole affair will at once separate from the boat in an upset or sudden leap out and can be lifted off and folded up in two seconds. When you have to get out on shore, or when sailing, it is usually best to stow the apron away so that the legs may be turned into any desired position of ease.

The apron I used in this tour has answered perfectly but it is to be remembered that it has been perfectly fitted by myself to me and the boat. Several others roughly made for other canoes have, as might be expected, failed to give satisfaction. One important advantage of a canoe is the capacity for sailing without altering the canoeist's seat, and we shall now describe the mast and sails found by experience to be most convenient after three masts had been broken and eight sets of sails had more or less failed. The mast is 1¾" thick (tapering) and 5'6" long, of which the part above deck is 4'9". The lugsail (K, Fig 1) has a yard and boom, each 4'9" long so when the sail is furled the end of the boom and mast come together. The fore leach of the lugsail is 2' long and the after leach is 6'6", giving an area of about 15sf.

The yard and the boom are of bamboo and the yard passes into a broad hem in the sail-head while the halyard is rove aloft through a small boxwood block ¾" long, and with a brass sheave, and through another (a brass blind-pulley) well fastened to the side of the mast near the deck so that the sail can be lowered and hoisted readily. The lower joint of a fishing-rod, 4'9", is a spare boom. The tack end of the boom is made fast to the mast by a flat piece of leather lashed to its upper part and to the mast so as to be free to swing in every direction. After many other plans had failed this was quite successful and lasted through the whole voyage. No hole is made in the mast and no nail or screw driven into it for these are causes of weakness.

The cord-loops about 6" apart near the masthead support the flagstaff of bamboo cane 2' long and with a silk flag 7"x9". When the mast is not used this flagstaff is detached and placed in the mast-hole which it fits by a button about 2" wide permanently fixed on the staff, the lower end of which rests in the mast-step. The halyard and sheet should be of woven cord, which does not untwist and is soft to handle in the wet. The sheet, when not in hand, may be belayed round a cleat on deck on either side of the apron where it is highest and thus the cleats are protected from the paddle. For the sake of convenience the mast is stepped so far forward as to allow the boom to swing past the canoeist's breast when the sail is jibbed or brought over. This also allows the luggage-bag to be between the stretcher and the mast.

The mast-hole H is 3'6" from the stem. The mast-step is a simple wedge-like piece of oak (see R, Fig 14) made fast to the keel and butting on the garboard strake on each side with a square hole in it for the foot of the mast. It may be thought that the mast is thus stepped too far forward, but the importance of having the sail free to swing without lying against the

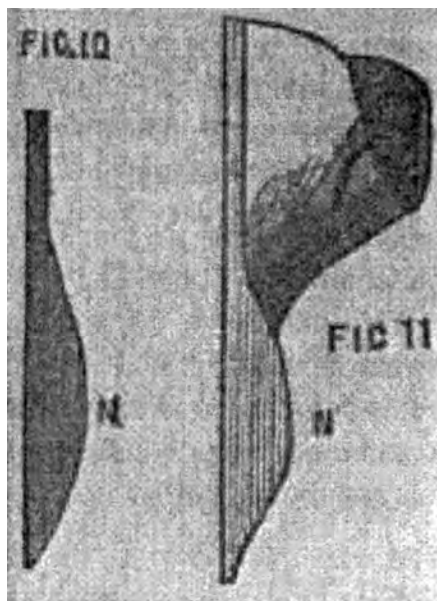


canoeist's body or getting entangled with his paddle, which is used in steering, is so great that some sacrifice must be used to secure this point. However, it is found that the boat sails very well on a wind with this sail if the breeze is strong, and in light breezes it is only expedient to sail with the wind well aft when the jib can also be used.

A canoe must have a light, strong, and flexible painter (or head rope) suitable for constant use because a great deal has to be done by its means in towing on dull water, guiding the boat while wading down shallows or beside falls, lowering into locks, hauling her over hedges, walls, locks, banks, and even houses, and raising and lowering her (with luggage in) to and from steamboats. The "Alpine Club" rope used in the new Rob Roy was found to be hard and kinky when wet and the softer rope used in the old Rob Roy was far better.

Another kind of brown tanned rope has been recommended. The painter should not be longer than twice the length of the boat. Each end is whipped with wax-end, which sort of fine twine is also invaluable for all the other fastenings as it never slips. The painter passes through a hole in the stem and another in the stern-post and is drawn tight to lie on the deck in the lines A Y and S Y, Fig 2. The slack of about 4' is belayed round the windward cleat and coiled outside so that it may be seized instantly when you go ashore or have to jump out to avoid a smash or upset in a dangerous place. This mode of fixing and belaying the painter I adopted after numerous trials of other plans, and it is found to be the best by far.

The jib is a triangle of 3' hoist and 3' foot, the fore-leach fast by a loop passing under the painter and over stem. The head is fixed by a loop over the masthead and under the flagstaff button. Thus the jib can be struck while the canoeist remains in the boat by pushing off these two loops with his paddle. To set the jib it is best to land. This is much more generally convenient than to have jib tackle on the mast. The sails are of calico without any seam. This lasts quite well enough, dries speedily, and sets well, too, provided that care is taken to have it cut out with the selvage along the after leach and not along any of the other sides.



Inattention to this last direction simply ruins sails and it cannot be too often repeated that the success of the voyages of the Rob Roy could not be expected if great care had not been paid to all these details. The new Rob Roy may, of course, be improved upon but I have not one suggestion to make, except as to the cooking apparatus which, in this case used for the first time, was open to many alterations.

But while it is desirable that canoeists should experiment in all directions, it is hoped that young sailors will try first at least the plans here explained and which have stood the severe tests under which perfect success and continual enjoyment were obtained.

The Rob Roys were built at Messrs Searle's of Lambeth, where some 23 others have been constructed. Mr Simmons of Putney and Mr Wheeler of Richmond have also built some according to the same design while a large number of canoes have left the stocks in various parts of the country. A good traveling canoe, costing £15, ought to last a long time for it is not racked and pulled in pieces at every stroke as a rowing-boat is.

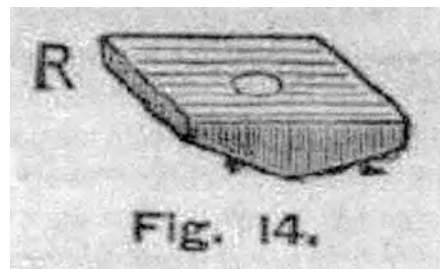
The sails, apron, luggage-bag, and outfit can be had at Messrs Silver's, Cornhill, the flag and blocks at the Model Dockyard, Fleet Street, where the handy-book is published, and the boom and yard and woven cord at Farlow's in the Strand;

The timber required in the construction of the Rob Roy will be as follows: in the rough the keel, oak, 13' long, 1 1/4"x1"; the hogpiece or kelson, 13' long, 3/4"x3"; the ribs, 1/4"x1/2" bent to shape.

The deck may be in four pieces, one for each end, one for each side of the well, and

should be about 3/8" thick (*this appears to be an error; the correct thickness should read 5/16". Ed*); the coaming of oak if 1 1/4"x1 1/4", standing about 3/4" to 1" above the deck. The planking of the Rob Roy should be 1/4"-5/8" (*this, again, appears to be an error; the correct thickness of the planking should read 5/16". Ed*). I have seen such a canoe planked with Willesden paper and it appeared to make a very good job.

The corners of the hatchway or well, and other such places, should be strengthened by means of copper brackets, and the stem and stern parts may be made of about the same dimensions as the keel but rather deeper. Strong knees should be introduced and the posts strengthened in every way as such a canoe has a great deal of knocking about to undergo. The hatchway may be 3' long by half that width.



(Readers interested in learning more about the Historic Canoe & Kayak Association and their journal should contact: Tony Ford, Am Kurpark 4, 37444 St. Andreasberg, Germany, Tel: +49-5582 619, Email: tford@web.de)

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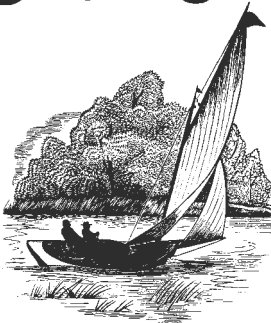
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Suddenly, unaccountably, my small sloop swung into the wind, sails flapping madly. I could no longer control the boat's course with my lifeless tiller. Sailing single handed, I was at the mercy of the steep, breaking seas. My sailboat had lost her rudder!

I took little consolation in remembering that many skippers had lost their rudders while underway and still were able to make it safely to port. The yawl *Dyna* lost her rudder in mid-ocean during a 1963 race across the Atlantic and sailed 980 miles on a jury rig. The crew on the ketch *Tzu Hang*, which pitchpoled in the South Pacific, fabricated a rudder from a 16' long sweep, a spinnaker pole, and a bulkhead door and sailed 1,000 miles to Coronel, Chile.

While I eventually was able to get my boat back to shore, I resolved then and there to better plan my actions in the event of a future rudder loss. In order to learn how I should have sailed my rudderless boat, I first needed to truly understand how a rudder works.

I'm sure the Persians, believed to have been the inventors of the modern sternpost rudder, never fully understood the operating complexities of their steering device. It wasn't until modern times, when scientists and engineers studied the mechanics of flight, that we discovered that the boat rudder operates very much like an airplane wing. Like a wing, a rudder will not function unless it is moving through a fluid. The forward (or backward) motion of the boat makes the rudder effective and the angle of attack, or the angle at which the rudder is set, determines the steering angle. A lack of motion through the water is, of course, the reason why a small becalmed sailboat could suffer a knockdown when a sudden heavy puff of wind hits the sails.

The final course of a boat is the result of the pressure distribution between the two hydrodynamic surfaces of the rudder. The pressure on the upstream side exceeds that on the downstream side because the speed of the water over the downstream side exceeds that of the water on the upstream side. The result is an outward force on the upstream surface of the rudder, a force we call lift, operates at right angles to the flow of water while a lesser force on the downward side, known as drag, such as created on the underside of an airplane wing, operates in opposition to the flow.

At a certain angle of attack, known as the critical angle, the rudder stalls and loses its turning ability. This phenomenon is caused by the breakdown of the streamline flow of water over the downstream side which produces a separation or turbulence of the swirling water.

Due to hydrodynamic streamlining of a sailboat, modern rudders tend to be built on the conservative side. The forces operating on a boat's rudder in turbulent seas are tremendous, however. My experience in trying to hold a steering paddle in place against the transom and gunwale of my rudderless sailboat was evidence enough. When the forces of a grounding, lying ahull, or being snagged by a mooring or anchor line are added to these stresses, the rudder or its connections are liable to fail.

And if they do fail, what do you do? Much has to do with the other equipment you have onboard. Do you have a long oar or sweep on your boat? Does your boat have auxiliary power? If you are close to shore and have auxiliary power, now is the time to use it for, as I have explained, you must have some form of motion in order to steer.

A Lifetime on the Water

Part 14

Rudder's Gone

Sail Home by Steering With the Sails, Crew Weight



But whether you use your motor or sails, you need to steer your boat. Some long distance cruisers and racers carry a spare outboard rudder and tiller that can be fitted to the transom of a boat with a broken or lost inboard rudder. You might consider carrying a spare tiller and rudder head for use if those parts of the steering system fail.

If your boat has an inboard rudder and the steering linkage malfunctions, all is not lost... if you have had the foresight to drill two small holes through the rudder blade to serve as anchoring spots for a backup steering system. By having a swimmer attach lines to the rudder and then leading the steering lines over the gunwales and onto a pair of winches, you will have an efficient back-up steering system.

If you have lost the rudder and are forced to make a temporary one, you will need tools and materials. Tools should be a given, every boat should carry a comprehensive toolkit.

Choosing materials for a replacement rudder requires imagination. Building a sweep from a spinnaker pole or spare spar and a bulkhead or locker door might be practical. Make sure the spar is very long and that you add counterweight to the inboard end to give it the necessary control. Secure the assembly to the pushpit or traveler. If yours is a small boat, fashion a steering oar from a paddle and secure it to the transom or a stern cleat. You may even be able to scull or row your small boat if the weather is calm.

Steering with Sails

Of course, you can get home safely on sails alone. First of all, a properly balanced boat will sail a straight course. Therefore, the problem becomes one of controlling your boat and the sail trim in order to sail the course you desire.

If your boat is noticeably affected by a change in the position of your live ballast, move your crew members forward if your course is to windward and aft if you are sailing with the wind. You will also find that having your crew sit on the leeward side will

produce a weather helm that helps drive the hull upwind. Heeling the boat to windward will produce the opposite force.

Your crew's weight should be adjusted in conjunction with the sail trim. If you have a sloop rig and your desired course is to windward, trim your mainsail, slack off on your jib, and heel the boat to leeward. This drives the boat upwind because of the forces on your mainsail and the asymmetrical shape of the wetted surface of the hull. The reverse is true when attempting to sail downwind; flatten the jib, slack off on the mainsheet, and place your live ballast in the stern and to windward. To come about, let the jib sheet run and take in the mainsail.

If you sail a ketch, yawl, or schooner the use of your foresail and mizzen or main will produce a better balanced rudderless boat than you could achieve with a sloop. Some sailors claim that the use of a staysail with this sail combination will allow the helmsman to hold within 15° of the desired course. In fact, they claim that with continual trimming of the mizzen, course error can be limited to 5-10°.

There are more complicated sail combinations you can try. When running downwind, the most difficult course when sailing without rudder, the foresail on a sloop can be used, backed, or in the conventional position with some success to maintain your course. The main is carried on one side of the boat and a winged-out jib or spinnaker on the other. You may also be able to effect a degree of control sailing downwind by dragging a tire or some other type of drogue off the stern. More drag on one quarter than the other will tend to steer your boat in that direction. Tie a spreader bar in the form of a paddle or spar to the traveler to get the lines to the drogue as far off the quarter as possible. Then fasten the steering lines to your after spinnaker or sheet winches for easier control. However, from one who has sailed a rudderless small boat, I'd say just being able to maintain a downwind course using the simplest of sail trim and live ballast maneuvers in a strong wind and a rough sea is an accomplishment in itself.

Practice is necessary, however. Maneuver your boat with just her sails the next time you get a fair weather day. Don't procrastinate and wait until something happens to learn. Practicing prepares you for that one day when you could lose your rudder and makes you a better everyday sailor to boot.

You'll find that setting a steady course is almost impossible at first. There will be frequent and sudden gybes when sailing downwind. On the wind, you will come about at the wrong times and not at all when you want to. You'll also find that once your boat starts to get out of control it's hard to stop and get her back on course again. This can be especially bad if you broach and get broadside to a heavy sea. A knockdown or capsize could result.

One way to lower this possibility is to reduce your sail area below what you feel you need. In this way you'll learn how to handle your boat under easier sailing conditions. You can always increase your sail area slowly at a later time.

Another way to maintain control of your vessel is to keep your crew on the sheets at all times. This is necessary when you are first learning the knack of maneuvering with your sails only and, of course, when attempting to come about. However, if you find your boat is coming up into the wind or falling off too fast, have your crew slack off immediately on the offending sheet.

Some potential rudder shortcomings can be avoided at the time you purchase your boat. Examine the design closely because it could mean trouble for you later on. When Eric Hiscock built *Wanderer the Fifth* he found his new inboard rudder produced a heavy weather helm that defied correction. It was necessary to rebuild the deadwood and fit a more vertical sternpost on the boat to reduce the problem.

John G. Alden had to redesign the skeg of his O Boat when he found it wasn't protecting the bottom of his outboard rudder in the shallow waters of Buzzards Bay.

An engineer-designer who built his own 31' sailboat decided to substitute new fiberglass composite journal bearings on his inboard rudder for the original metal copolymer bearings. These, he felt, not only extended the life of his rudder bearings but also prevented the loss of wheel control as the original bearings wore and loosened up due to cold flow problems.

A popular 25' cruiser recently lost her outboard rudder. A soft, spongy foam core caused it to fail prematurely by sheering off at the lower pintle. The builder quickly resolved the problem on all the new boats.

An outboard rudder with a kick-up blade is preferable, whether you're sailing on a bay or oceans. Oversize pintles and gud-

geons are desirable but infrequently installed by the original builder. Angus Primrose designed a different type of outboard rudder for one of his new designs several years ago. A control line from the boat's after cabin could raise the galvanized blade into the hollow fiberglass top section whenever there was a chance of grounding.

If an inboard rudder is your choice, make sure you have holes drilled in the blade in case your tiller becomes inoperable. Also be sure that you install a "foot" on the bottom of your rudder to guard against anchor or lobster pot line damage or fouling such as I encountered.

If you have lost your rudder and you are in an area where there are other vessels, you might decide the easiest way out is to ask for a tow. Here are a few suggestions you might use to be sure your rudderless boat is towed without damage or injury to her crew:

1. Remember that though you may not be flying International Code Flag "D" you are "...maneuvering with difficulty" when you've lost your rudder. It is best if you get

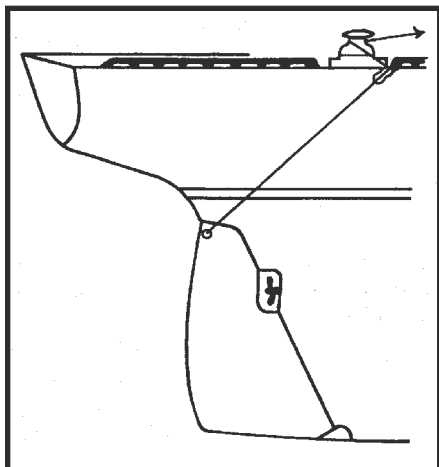
your sails down and a sea anchor overboard so that your heading becomes less erratic and makes it easier for a rescuing vessel to approach you.

2. Don't allow the towing vessel to get too close, especially if she is appreciably larger and sea conditions are poor. More damage can sometimes be done to the boat seeking assistance than necessitated her call for help in the first place.

3. Sometimes it is best if the seas are rough and the wind is strong for the rescue vessel to float a tow line down rather than get close enough to have it thrown.

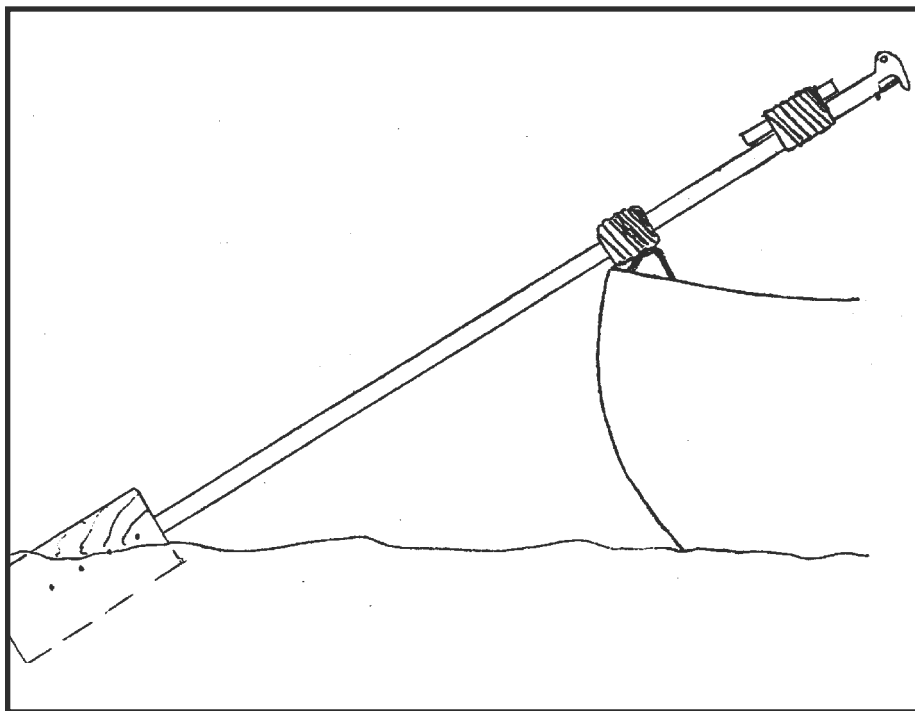
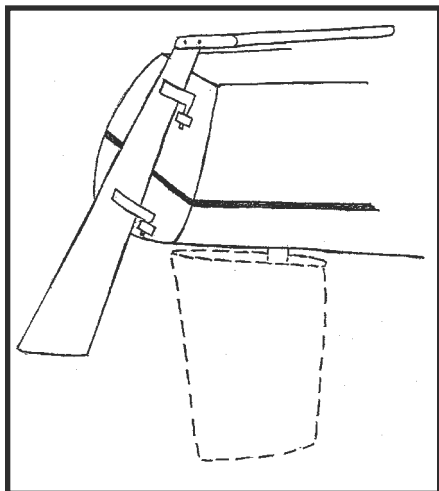
4. Exercise the rules of good towing practice once contact has been made between you and the rescue vessel. Protect yourself and your crew at all times from injury or going overboard.

But why go through the hassle of being towed when you can get yourself home on your sails and boat trim alone or on a jury rig? After all, if Colgate, Smeeten, and Taylor can do it, why can't you?



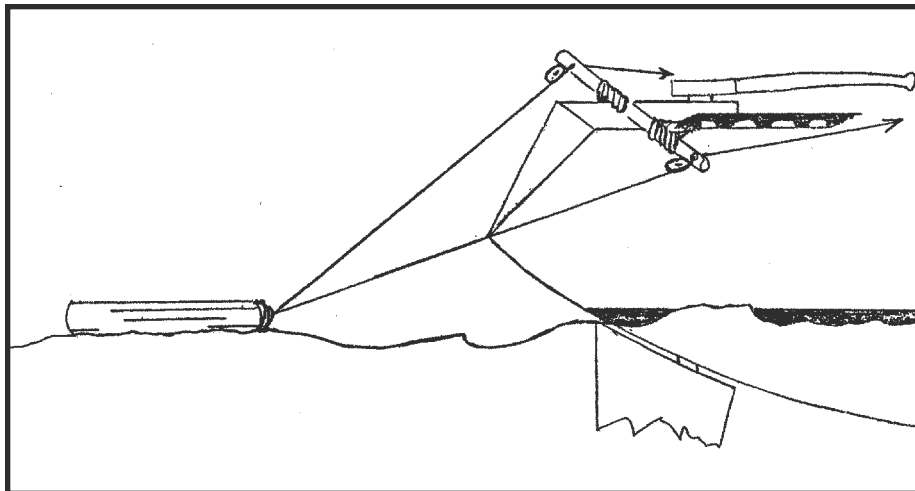
Emergency steering system utilizing a line which is run to a winch on each side of the boat.

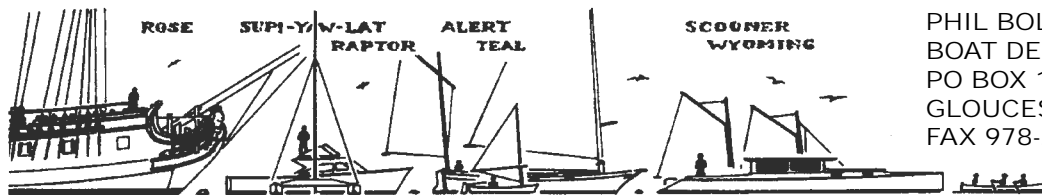
Outboard and inboard rudder mountings.



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Update on Design #679-B "Monitor"

aka Blackliner 2K90/30P

Length 30'8" – Beam 7'8"

Draft 12" Over Keel

Approximate Empty Weight 2,500-3,000lbs

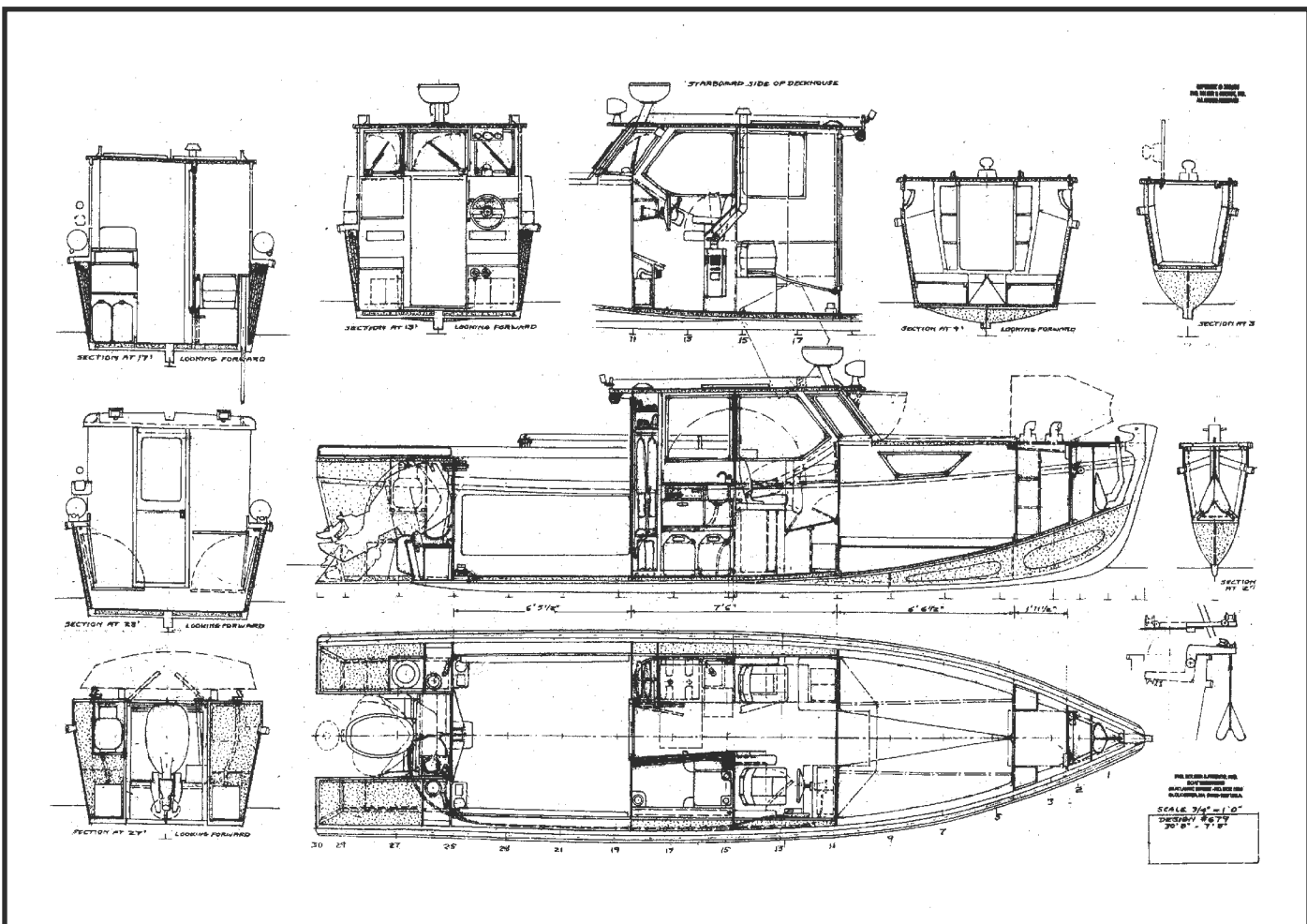
This will be very short. On May 8, Phil and I, Susanne, did at last have the opportunity to see *Robin Jean* running. The May '09 issue of *MAIB* summarized what we know of her construction here in West Gloucester. More recently we had found her tied up at a commercial slip in the Inner Harbor's North Channel, right at home in the midst of the commercial fishing fleet.

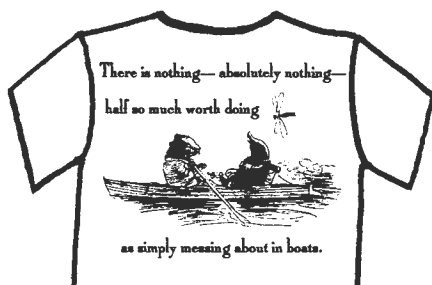
Then we ran into co-builder and fisherman Dave on his way from the boat along with some friends just back from a jaunt outside. He shared with us that he was getting to know her with each trip, what she liked and did not. First of all, with the 115hp two-stroke he chose, she does over 27kts by GPS. She seems to run most efficiently in her mid-teens. Rod and reel fishing and jigging have been successful with the long-line hauler to be installed next. In rough conditions he was happiest with about 7-8kts of speed. And a weekend getaway was planned using her as an overnigher. She is beginning to make money as a commercial fishing boat.

We asked if he was willing indeed to let us know when he would head out past the breakwater one fine morning so we might take some pictures of her running. Without further comment here are a few at various speeds from some 25' above the sea at around 8am on May 8, 2009.

As always, plans are available from Phil Bolger & Friends Inc, 66 Atlantic St, Gloucester, MA 01930. Cost for plans of Design #679-B on six sheets with 35-page building key, this version is \$300 to build one boat, sent Priority Mail rolled in a tube.








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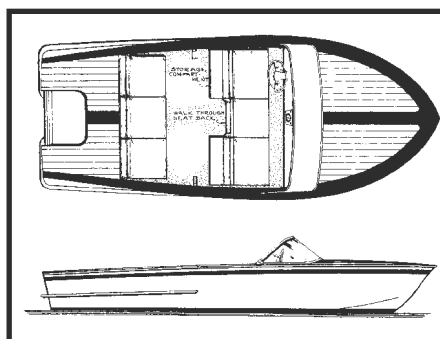
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#5 Malahini

A Classic 16' Runabout

Build in Plywood



Characteristics

Length overall	15'-11"
Beam	6'-7"
Hull depth	31"
Hull weight (approx.)	475lbs
Average passengers	1-4

Hull type: Vee bottom hard chine hull
developed for sheet plywood planking
Power: Outboard motor to 85hp
Trailer: Designed for use with Glen-L Series
1000 boat trailer plans

Description

If you are looking for a boat that has the classic lines of the "woodies" of the past, the Malahini may be the boat for you. Finish her in natural mahogany plywood or paint the

hull and put on a mahogany deck. Make her as plain or as fancy as you want.

The generous size of the Malahini cockpit and the modular seats that have proven so popular in our other designs make almost any interior arrangement possible. The seats may be removed to provide a flat area 9' long and up to 5'9" in width for sleeping or carrying camping gear. The seats can also be placed back-to-back for trolling or for the observer when pulling a water skier.

The generous vee in the forefoot and the wide beam of the Malahini make for a dry, safe boat. The construction is rugged and intended to take it. The self-bailing well prevents any sudden wave or backwash from entering the boat. All of the construction details have been prepared for the amateur builder. Step-by-step instructions, plus photos, make it possible to have your own collector's boat at a price you can afford.

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Complete plans include full size patterns for the stem, breasthook, transom knee, chine blocking, and half section patterns for each of the frames and transom. Includes Instructions, Bill of Materials, and Fastening Schedule.

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Optimizing Your Sculling Oar

By Moby Nick Scheuer

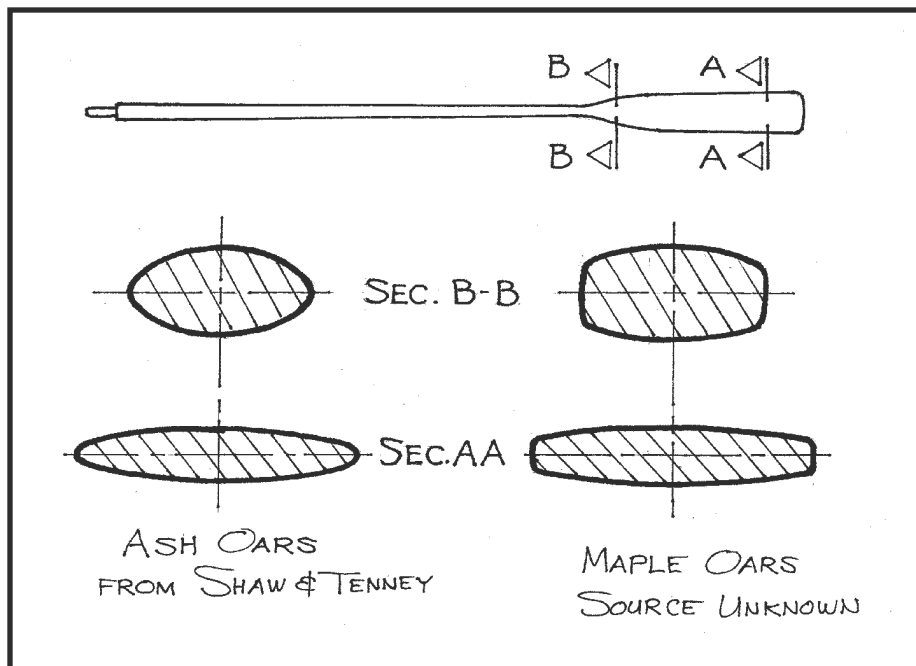
Some oars do not need "optimizing," the pair of 9.5' Shaw & Tenney oars we had in *Pil-Pel* was that way, just fine from day one. But too many oars have blades with more or less square edges, like the pair of maple oars that came with our pram *Due South*.

Square edges on an oar used for rowing are not a problem, the intention being that the oar blade should remain more or less stationary in the water for each stroke so that the boat may be moved forward. Some extra drag that renders the blade less efficient in permitting water to flow around the edges may even be a good thing.

But for sculling, the oar blade is used like a one-bladed propeller and who needs square edges on a propeller? For sculling we want to create lift, like that of a hydrofoil. We want water to flow over the blade efficiently. And when rowing, a rounded edge on a feathered oar will slice through wave tops with less splashing than a square-edged oar.

Getting rid of those inefficient square edges is a fairly simple woodworking project. We can use any of a variety of tools, a belt sander, a disc sander, a draw knife, a wood rasp, even a sanding block, whatever we feel comfortable using. The principal objective should be to round off the edges to a pure radius or elliptical curve tangent to both surfaces.

If the blade seems rather thick in proportion to the rest of the oar's features we



might thin the edges, leaving the original thickness along the center of the blade. Don't worry about dangerously reducing the oars' strength, the weakest part of the oar is probably the small diameter adjacent to the blade and we will leave more wood than that throughout the blade.

After reshaping, refinish the blade according to the original finish. I like white paint

for oars. Paint keeps me from worrying about how much a dab of touch-up over a ding might "show." The white-painted ash oars we had in our Dovekie were repainted only twice in the 12 years we cruised in *Pil-Pel*. Like any good implement, a sign of honest work was displayed with pride.

Square edged oars seem more like clubs compared to a pair of nicely rounded oars.

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"I told you so" was the response following the conclusion of the PHRF sailboat races at the annual Stephen C. Smith Memorial Regatta held off Shell Point, Florida, on April 25. As race committee, we are seldom right in our decisions. The course is too long, too short, the line was not right, etc. It is part of being the head of the on-the-water race committee. In this case, I elected for two short races around marks rather than a longer race. The wind at Shell Point is not consistent. The day before the wind was around 8mph in the morning going to zero mid-afternoon and back to 8mph for most of the late afternoon. On this day it was 8-10mph with the morning sea breeze and I expected the wind to die as the day progressed (as with the day before). Such was not the case. The wind was not steady in speed or direction but it held for the day quite nicely.

As it was, we held two races for the PHRF non-spinnaker fleet and one race for the cruiser fleet. Of interest was the lack of awareness of the PHRF fleet for the start of the second race. We told everyone there would be two races and to stay near the committee boat after the finish of the first race. The cruiser fleet (normally non-racing) was strung out over the course after the PHRF fleet had finished and we decided to start the second PHRF race before all the cruising fleet had finished. Thus, after the first cruising fleet boat crossed the finish line we put up the white flag (with sound signal) to signal the PHRF boats that their second race was getting underway. One minute later we lowered the white flag and put up the blue (warning) flag (with sound signal). At the appropriate time we lowered the blue flag and then raised the red (start) flag with only one boat near the start line. The fleet got its act together and started in a string rather than the usual clump of competitors at the start line.

The main complaint was that we had started the second PHRF race before all the cruising fleet had finished. However, we had

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

enough time between the finish of the first cruising boat and the next boat in that fleet to start the PHRF fleet with a clear line and room to weather. Most of the PHRF fleet was not paying attention or did not want to start their second race in the midst of the finishing of the cruising fleet. As it was, there was a nice eight-minute window between the first cruiser to finish and the next one in line and 36 minutes between the first cruising boat and the last cruising boat to finish.

Because the start of the second race was a bit ragged and the boats were not bunched at the start, most of the competitors had fairly clean air and a chance to run their boat at its best point of sailing. In PHRF racing one tries to run the boat at its best speed so one can be as close to the handicap rating as possible at the end of the race. Unlike one-design racing (all boats rate the same), with fairly clean air, the aim is to push for boat speed and not worry about tactics.

However, near the end of the second race, three boats were fairly close together and one boat tried to "herd" a competitor to weather. In doing so they let the third boat get a clear run for the finish line. Realizing their error they shifted back to the least distance course to the finish line. However, they had forced the one boat more to weather and when it turned back toward the finish line it had clear air and was able to reach its potential boat speed and move ahead of the boat that had been its initial problem and beat both other boats to the finish line. Clean air means boat speed and boat speed means moving ahead.

Those who race their boats a good deal get a feel for where they are on the water in relation to their competitors and the race marks. On the second race the wind started shifting to the west and the downwind course became a broad reach course. The wind shift also put the committee boat at the favored end of the line. Those who realized the effect of the wind shift headed for the committee boat, while others simply headed for the finish line.

The work of the race committee when taking finish times is much less effort when the boats are strung out and we have time to write down the boat and the finish time. When she takes finishes, my wife writes down the sail numbers of the boats in the sequence they appear to be as they approach the finish line. She then writes in the hour and then the minutes as they approach the bow of the committee boat. Thus, all she has to do is write down the seconds as the boat crosses the finish line. Usually, but not always, there is a spread of time between finishers. However, in the second race the three boats coming back in a group finished with in 12 seconds of each other (46:57, 47:07, and 47:09). For more information on the fun and what can be involved in being a member of a race committee, see my previous article in the March 15, 2007 issue, "From The Lee Rail," page 28.

One part of being the race committee is the responsibility to account for all the boats in the race. Did they finish or did they drop out? We had one boat drop out and called us to that effect. The other boats finished their respective races and headed for the harbor. One boat had engine trouble and was taken under tow by another boat only for it to develop engine trouble. The first boat was picked up by another of the participants and towed in, while the second boat with engine trouble elected to sail back to the dock. After checking on both boats and being waved off, the owner of the boat being used for the race committee work took us back to the dock. All in all, it was a good day.

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The Moaning Chair

Recently I was reading a magazine that reviewed several books written by Howard I. Chapelle. For those of you not familiar with Chapelle, he was a boat builder, designer, and a historian of naval architecture. Two of his most popular books were *American Small Sailing Craft* and *Boatbuilding*. While both books were published many years ago, they are still widely read to this day. The magazine article quoted Chapelle in his book, *Boatbuilding*, as writing:

"In every amateur boatbuilder's shop there should be a 'moaning chair'; this should be a comfortable seat from which the boat can be easily seen and in which the builder can sit, smoke, chew, drink, or swear as the moment demands. Here he should rest often and think about the next job. The plans should be at hand here and he can lay out his work. By doing so he will often be able to see mistakes before they are serious and avoid the curse of all amateur boatbuilders: starting a job before figuring out what has to be done to get it right."

What a great idea! I use a wooden stool in my garage/boat shop instead of a chair but I like the idea of a chair much more. Someplace comfortable where I can think through

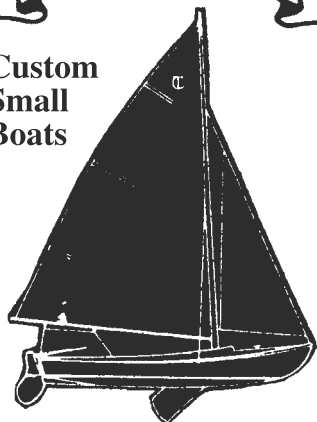
all the problems that I know I will encounter on each boat I build would be nice. A recliner would be perfect. Not only a place I can sit, but somewhere I can put my feet up and relax, with a beer, a snack, and a little Frank Sinatra playing in the background. Casters on the chair would be good. I easily could move the chair all around the boat to contemplate problems from different aspects.

If I had a comfortable place to sit and think through problems I imagine the language used in the shop would be a little less colorful. My neighbors might appreciate that. Maybe I could even cut down on my blood pressure medication.

For some of us, putting an easy chair in our boat shop might be hard to justify, especially to our wives. I think I might have that problem figured out. There has never been a boat that I built where I didn't need a new tool. Something always comes up where I have to check out a catalog or hardware store to find the needed item. I think a 'moaning chair' most definitely could be classified as a tool. I have to be careful here though. The little lady might see this as her chance to finally give my favorite family room chair a heave ho right out the door and replace it along with new furniture for the entire room. This could turn out a little more expensive than we figured. What the heck, anything for the boat!

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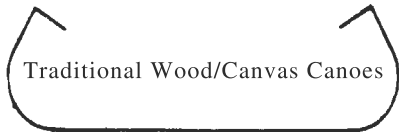
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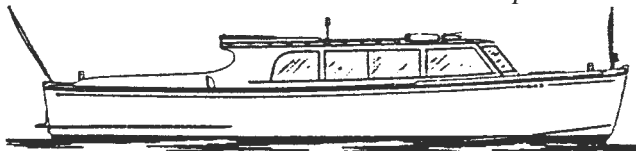


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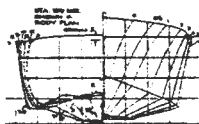
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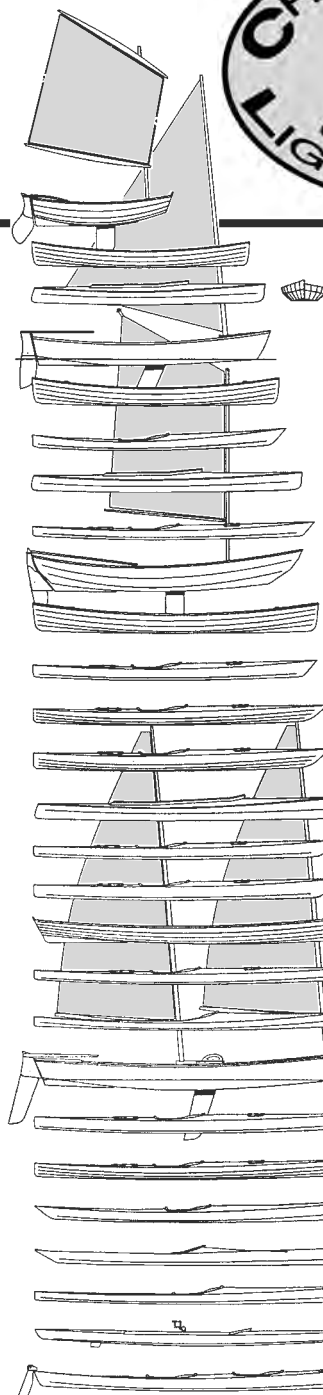
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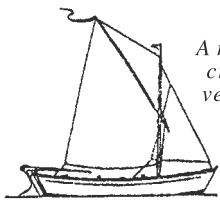
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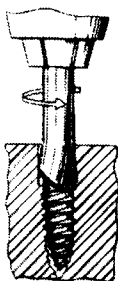
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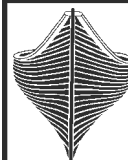
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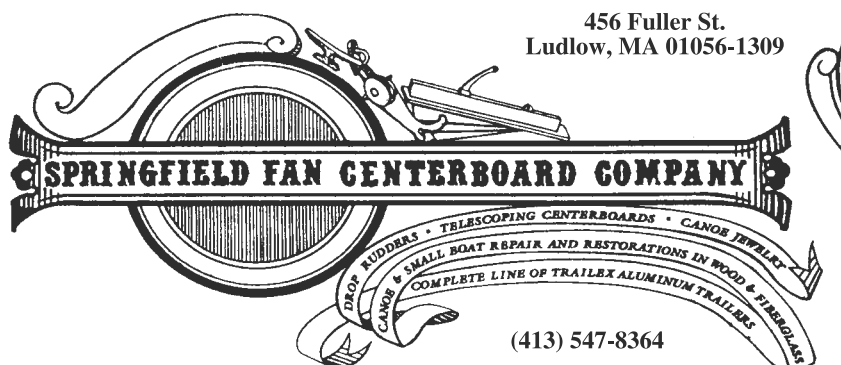
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Upcoming Shows

July 24-26 Antique & Classic Boat Show, Skaneateles, NY **
July 31-Aug 2 Antique & Classic Boat Show, Clayton NY **
Aug 7-9 Maine Boats, & Harbors Show, Rockland, ME **
Sep 11-13 Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival, WA **
Oct 8-12 US Sailboat Show, Annapolis, MD
Oct 15-18 US Powerboat Show, Annapolis, MD
** Indicates On-Water Demos

"I'm going to the Wooden Boat Festival in Port Townsend, Washington, Sept 11-13. Steve & Dave tell me that folks along their travel route (in Chicago, Minneapolis, Spokane and Seattle) are having their wood or kevlar boats delivered to their door for half the normal shipping cost. I've got my boat...what about you?"

Sandy Goodall
Sail Designer
Victoria, British Columbia

